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AND

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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Life of Admiral Viscount Exmouth.* By Edward Osler, Esq. 8vo. pp. 448. London, 1835. Smith Elder, and Co.

A BIOGRAPHY of this renowned Captain, who contributed so important a share to the naval glories of his country during a period when those glories were exalted to their most brilliant as well as substantial pitch, by the unparalleled valour of our sailors, officers, and men, was a desideratum in our literature; and we rejoice to say that it has been unaffectedly and excellently supplied by Mr. Osler. At rather a late hour in our sphere, i.e. week-current, we can do little more, and, indeed, little more could be required at any time, than introduce the volume to our readers with this just tribute of general approbation, run over the thread of its narrative, and illustrate our notice by a few examples of its interesting and curious passages.

The Pellets were a good old family settled in Cornwall, of loyal attributes in the worst of England's days, and maintaining from first to last a reputation without blot or reproach. The immediate generation of whom Lord Exmouth was one brother, was left orphans at early ages; and he, Edward, being a boy of the bravest and most daring spirit, and of almost extraordinary muscular power and strength, not unapishly chose the sea for a profession. His first gallant exploits were performed on Lake Champlain, in the American war, and he was included (much against his will!) in the surrender of Burgoyne's force. From that unfortunate commander he was sent to England with the despatches, and immediately promoted to the rank of lieutenant for his bold and skilful conduct throughout the whole of the arduous campaign. Of the opinion entertained of his firmness and intrepidity, whilst yet only what is called a youngster, a fair idea may be gathered from the following anecdotes. After capturing a French sloop, "Captain Macbride (the commander of the squadron) wished to appoint an agent of his own; but Captain Pellew asserted his right, as the actual captor, with so much temper and firmness, that the other at length gave way. He had known Captain Pellew from early childhood, having been his father's intimate friend, and quite understood his character, of which he now expressed an opinion in language less refined than emphatic. 'Confound the fellow,' said he, 'if he had been bred a cobbler, he would have been first in the village.'"

Another of his early shipmates thus paints him in 1786:

"We soon found that the activity of our captain would not allow us an idle hour, and there was so much kindness of heart and cheerfulness of manner blended with daring exertion in the performance of his duties, that we were all happy to imitate his example to the best of our abilities. In the course of our passage to Newfoundland we encountered much blowing weather, and at all hours of the day or night,

whenever there was exertion required aloft to preserve a sail or a mast, the captain was foremost at the work, apparently as a mere matter of amusement; and there was not a man in the ship who could equal him in personal activity. He appeared to play amongst the elements in the hardest storms, and the confidence this gave to those under his command, on many occasions, is not to be described."

Returning to our narrative, we are told:

"The gratification felt at receiving his commission was soon forgotten, when he found himself appointed to a guard-ship. He repeatedly solicited more active employment, and at length took an opportunity to accost Lord Sandwich in the street at Portsmouth. The first lord asked if he were the young man who had been writing him so many letters; and after a reproof for thus accosting him in the street, appointed an audience at the hotel. He there told him that he could not be employed as he wished, because he was included in the convention of Saratoga; and when Mr. Pellew pleaded that the enemy had broken the convention, Lord Sandwich replied, that was no reason why England should do so too. At length, after every plea had been urged in vain, Mr. Pellew took out his commission, and begged that he might be allowed to return it, declaring that he would rather command a privateer than remain inactive while the war was going on. Lord Sandwich, smiling at his ardour, desired him to put up his commission, and promised that he should not be forgotten. Soon after, he was appointed to the *Licorne*. In the spring of 1779 the *Licorne* sailed for the Newfoundland station, under the orders of Captain Cadogan, who had lately superseded Captain Bellevue, her former commander. On her passage out she engaged two of the enemy's cruisers, and Lieutenant Pellew's conduct in the action received the praise of his captain. She returned to England in December, when he left her to join the *Apollo*, commanded by his excellent friend and patron Captain Pownoll, who was delighted to obtain once more the services of a follower whom he regarded with equal pride and affection; and even removed for his sake an officer of high connexions, whose seniority would have prevented Mr. Pellew from being the first lieutenant. Mr. Pellew was too soon deprived of this inestimable friend. On the morning of the 15th of June, 1780, the *Apollo*, cruising in the North Sea, in company with some other ships, was ordered away by the senior captain in pursuit of a cutter. She had almost come up with the chase, when the Stanislaus French frigate hove in sight; and the *Apollo* left the cutter for a more equal opponent. She overtook and brought her to action at half-past twelve, engaging under a press of sail; for the enemy made every effort to escape to the neutral port of Ostend, which was not far distant. In an hour after the action commenced, Captain Pownoll was shot through the body. He said to his young friend, 'Pellew, I know you won't give his majesty's ship away;' and immediately died

in his arms. Mr. Pellew continued the action for more than an hour longer, and drove the enemy, beaten and dismasted, on shore. But he was disappointed of his prize, which claimed protection from the neutral port. The *Apollo* had five killed, besides the captain, and twenty wounded. A musket-ball, which had struck Captain Pownoll in a former action, was found after his death lodged among the muscles of the chest. The Stanislaus was got off, and carried into Ostend, where, being brought to sale, she was purchased by the British government, and added to the navy."

In his letter to the first lord of the Admiralty on this occasion, his situation and feelings are simply and finely portrayed.

"Your lordship will, I hope, pardon me for troubling you with the relation of private feelings. The loss of Captain Pownoll will be severely felt. The ship's company have lost a father. I have lost much more, a father and a friend united; and that friend my only one on earth. Never, my lord, was grief more poignant than that we all feel for our adored commander. Mine is inexpressible. 'The friend who brought me up, and pushed me through the service, is now no more! It was ever my study, and will always be so, to pursue his glorious footsteps. How far I may succeed I know not; but while he lived, I enjoyed the greatest blessing, that of being patronised by him. That happiness I am now deprived of, and unassisted by friends, unconnected with the great, and unsupported by the world, I must throw myself totally on your lordship's generosity. If I have erred, it was not from the heart; for I will be bold to say, the love and honour of his country makes no heart more warm than mine. And if, after a constant service, never unemployed for thirteen years, and the character I bear with every officer with whom I have had the honour to serve; having been three years in America, and in every action on Lake Champlain, for one of which, in the *Carleton*, Lieutenant Dacres, our commander, received promotion; afterwards in a continued series of hard service, in that unfortunate expedition under General Burgoyne, whose thanks for my conduct I received in the course of the campaign, and whose misfortunes I shared at Saratoga, not in common with others, but increased by the melancholy sight of a dead brother, fallen in the service of his king; having then returned to England in a transport to fulfil the convention, with General Carleton's and Burgoyne's despatches, as well as General Carleton's letter, recommending me to your lordship; and permit me to mention, my lord, without being thought partial to my own story, my having received the thanks of Sir Charles Douglas, by letter, for my behaviour in the different actions in Canada; and having acquitted myself much to Captain Cadogan's satisfaction in action with two ships, when on our voyage to Newfoundland; and if, on the present occasion, conscious of the rectitude of my conduct, I can be entitled to your lordship's approbation, permit me to hope from your lord-

ship's well-known generosity, which I have already experienced, that you will extend to me that protection which I have lost in my dear departed benefactor. I have now no friend to solicit your lordship in my favour. I stand alone to sue for your protection, in some confidence that you will not suffer the dejected and unsupported to fall. I presume to hope forgiveness for thus intruding on your time, particularly by a memorial that comes unbacked by any other name; but believe me, my lord, there never was an officer with whom I have sailed, who would not do much more than back this, were his ability equal to his good wishes for my promotion."

The promotion and honour here so modestly sought merit and splendid deeds obtained in due season. He was made a commander, and posted, as his public services deserved; and connected with these appointments, we have pleasure in copying the annexed characteristic anecdotes.

"He was made commander into an old and worn-out sloop, the Hazard, in which he was stationed on the eastern coast of Scotland. Having nothing but the emoluments of his profession, he felt the embarrassment which, to a very numerous class of officers, the outlay required by promotion and appointment so often occasions. A tradesman in London, equally known and respected by the young men from Cornwall, who were generally referred to him for the advice and assistance they required on their first coming to town, not only supplied him with uniforms, though candidly told that it was uncertain when he would be able to pay for them, but offered a pecuniary loan; and Captain Pellew accepted a small sum which made the debt 70*l*. In a few weeks he received 160*l*. prize-money, and immediately sent 100*l*. to his creditor, desiring that the balance might be given in presents to the children, or, as he expressed it, "to buy ribands for the girls." He never afterwards employed another tradesman. Perhaps it was the recollection of this circumstance which induced him, when he had become a commander-in-chief, to prevent his own deserving, but necessitous young officers from suffering similar embarrassments, by presenting them with a sum equal to their immediate wants when he gave them a commission."

In 1787, on the Newfoundland station the writer says, "The summers there are very hot, and on the birth-day of the good old king, George III., the 4th of June, the ship's company obtained permission to bathe. The ship was at anchor in St. John's harbour, and the captain had prepared himself for the public dinner at the Governor's by dressing in his full uniform, and mounted the deck to step into his barge, which was ready to take him ashore. The gambols and antics of the men in the water caught his attention, and he stepped on one of the guns to look at them; when a lad, a servant to one of the officers, who was standing on the ship's side near to him, said, 'I'll have a good swim by-and-by, too.' 'The sooner the better,' said the captain, and tipped him into the water. He saw in an instant that the lad could not swim, and quick as thought he dashed overboard in his full-dress uniform, with a rope in one hand, which he made fast to the lad, who was soon on board again, without any injury, though a little frightened, but which did not prevent his soon enjoying the ludicrous finish of the captain's frolic. The lad's boasting expression gave an idea that he was a good swimmer, and I believe, if ever the captain was frightened, it was when he saw the struggles in the water: but his self-

possession and activity did not forsake him, and no one enjoyed the laugh against himself more than he did when the danger was over."

Four years previous to this, our hero had tried farming, in peace, and succeeded just as a seaman might be expected to do.\* He also married in 1783, but with happier results. About this epoch he was offered employment by the Russian Government; and the account is so applicable to others at this moment, when so many Britons are in foreign employment, that we are induced to quote the author.

"The offer of a command in the Russian navy gave him an opportunity to escape from his difficulties. It was recommended to him by an officer of high character with whom he had served, and who possessed so many claims upon his confidence, that he thought it right to strengthen his own decision by the opinion of his elder brother before he finally refused it. His brother, who had always encouraged his every ambitious and every honourable feeling, and who, even at this time, confidently anticipated for him a career of high distinction, of which, indeed, his past life afforded ample promise, would not for a moment listen to his entering a foreign service. He said that every man owes his services, blood, and life, so exclusively to his own country, that he has no right to give them to another; and he desired Captain Pellew to reflect how he would answer for it to his God, if he lost his life in a cause which had no claim upon him. These high considerations of patriotism and religion are the true ground upon which the question should rest. Deeply is it to be regretted that men of high character should have unthinkingly sanctioned by their example what their own closer reflection might have led them to condemn. Still more is it to be deplored that deserving officers, hopeless in the present state of the navy of promotion or employment, should be driven by their necessities to sacrifice their proudest and most cherished feelings, and to quit, for a foreign flag, the service of which they might become the strength and ornament. War is too dreadful a calamity to be lightly incurred. Only patriotism, with all its elevating and endearing associations of country, homes, and altars, can throw a veil over its horrors, and a glory around its achievements: patriotism, which gives to victory all its splendour, sheds lustre even on defeat, and hallows the tomb of the hero fallen amidst the regrets and admiration of his country. But he who goes forth to fight the battles of another state, what honour can victory itself afford to him? or how shall he be excused if he attack the allies of his own country, whom as such he is bound on his allegiance to respect?"

Hostilities again broke out in 1793, and he was speedily floating under the flag of his own native land. In the *Nymph* he struck the first naval blow of the war, and captured the *Cleopatra*, a French frigate of superior force, after a splendid action. This might be deemed a key to all the victories which ensued; and it was loudly hailed by the nation as an omen of success. A singular story is told of it.

"An active and most anxious pursuit of the enemy for the last three weeks had made the crew not less eager than their commander; and the subject of the expected battle engrossed

\* The old people in the neighbourhood of Trevery still speak with wonder of the fearlessness he displayed on different occasions, but shake their heads at his management as a farmer. They have no difficulty in explaining the secret of his fortune. While he lived at Trevery, a swarm of bees found an entrance over the porch of the house, and made a comb there for many successive years; and to this happy omen they attribute all his after success.

their sleeping and waking thoughts. A dream of Captain Israel Pellew had, perhaps, some influence on the result; and not less extraordinary was that of a master's mate, Mr. Pearce, who had served in the *Winchelsea*. He dreamed that the *Nymph* fell in with a French frigate the day after leaving port; that they killed her captain, and took her; and so vivid was the impression, that he firmly believed it to be a supernatural intimation, and spoke of it accordingly to his messmates. They rallied him immoderately on his superstition, but his confidence remained unshaken; and when his papers were examined after his death—for he was killed in the action—it was found that he had written the dream in his pocket-book."

"The enemy's frigate (it is related in a brief memoir of his brother Israel in the appendix) was seen at a very early hour, but his brother would not allow him to be called until the ships were almost on the point of closing. Meeting him as he ran on deck half dressed, he said to him with emotion, 'Israel, you have no business here, and I am very sorry I brought you from your home. We are too many of us.' Israel, whose whole attention was occupied with the enemy, exclaimed, 'That's the very frigate I have been dreaming of all night! I dreamed we shot away her wheel. We shall have her in a quarter of an hour!' But his brother, who had already inferred her high state of discipline from her manœuvres, replied, 'We shall not take her so easily: see how she is handled.' There was nothing extraordinary in a dream so naturally prompted by his waking thoughts; for it was known that some French frigates were cruising in the channel, and the most probable course to intercept them had been discussed by the brothers on the preceding evening. It led to its own accomplishment. He took charge of the after main-deck guns, and made the enemy's wheel the constant object of his fire. His aim was so true—for he was an excellent practical gunner—that, after four men had been killed successively at the wheel, he at length disabled it."

Other anecdotes are worthy of extract:—"The crew fought with a steadiness and gallantry above all praise. A lad, who had served in the *Winchelsea* as barber's boy, was made second captain of one of the main-deck guns. The captain being killed, he succeeded to command the gun; and through the rest of the action, Captain Pellew heard him from the gangway give the word for all the successive steps of loading and pointing, as if they had been only in exercise. In the heat of action, one of the men came from the main-deck to ask the captain what he must do, for that all the men at his gun were killed or wounded but himself, and he had been trying to fight it alone, but could not. Another, who had joined but the day before, was found seated on a gun-carriage, complaining that he had been very well as long as he was fighting, but that his sickness returned as soon as the battle was over, and that he did not know what was the matter with his leg, it smarted so much. It was found that the poor fellow had received a musket-ball in it."

"Captain Mullon was killed. A cannon-shot struck him on the back, and carried away great part of his left hip. Even at that dreadful moment he felt the importance of destroying the signals which he carried in his pocket; but in his dying agony he took out his commission in mistake, and expired in the act of devouring it:—a trait of devoted heroism never surpassed by any officer of any nation. These signals, so valuable as long as the enemy

did not know them to be in possession of the British, thus fell into the hands of Captain Pellew, who delivered them to the Admiralty.

"The capture of the first frigate in a war is always an object of much interest; and the circumstances of the late action, the merit of which was enhanced by the skill and gallantry of the enemy, gave additional importance to Captain Pellew's success. 'I never doubted,' said Lord Howe, 'that you would take a French frigate; but the manner in which you have done it will establish an example for the war.' The brothers were introduced to the king on the 29th of June, by the Earl of Chatham, First Lord of the Admiralty; when Captain Pellew received the honour of knighthood, and his brother was made a post-captain. His majesty presented Sir Edward to the queen, with the flattering remark, 'This is our friend;' in allusion, probably, to the chivalrous manner in which the frigates met, as if they had fought as the respective champions of monarchical and republican principles. Besides the usual promotions, the master, Mr. Thomson, received a lieutenant's commission. He followed Sir Edward to the *Arethusa* and *Indefatigable*, and was made a commander for the action with the *Droits de l'Homme*. Captain Mullen was buried at Portsmouth, with all the honours due to his gallantry. One of Sir Edward's first acts was to write a letter of condolence to the widow; and as he learnt, from her reply, that she was left in narrow circumstances, he sent, with her husband's property, what assistance his then very limited means enabled him to offer."

The story of Captain Pellew's exertions in saving the crew and passengers of the ship *Dutton*, is a noble episode in his life, to which we are sorry we can only refer. He was soon after created a baronet; and had some anxious work when the French, under Hoche, invaded Ireland. On this subject his biographer says:

"The history of Ireland affords a melancholy, but most instructive lesson, pre-eminent as that unhappy country has been, at once for natural and political advantages, and for misery, turbulence, and crime. A government to command the obedience of the people by its firmness, and their confidence by a marked consideration for their feelings and welfare; a gentry, united with them as their leaders, protectors, and friends; and a church, winning them to a purer faith by the unobtrusive display of benefits and excellencies; all these blessings might have been its own. But by fatal mismanagement, the gentry, those of them who remained, were viewed as the garrison of a conquered country by the multitude, who were taught to feel themselves a degraded caste. The church became identified in their minds with all that they most complained of; and the faith for which they suffered was doubly endeared to them. Thus the instruments for their deliverance confirmed their thralldom, and what should have won affection aggravated their enmity. If there were a mistake beyond all this, it was that of expecting peace from concessions extorted by violence, and calculated only to give increased power to the enemies of existing institutions. Lord Exmouth held a very decided opinion upon this point, and foresaw that strong coercive measures would become necessary in consequence. He well knew how feeble would be the restraint imposed by any conditions contemplated by the advocates of change; and, in allusion to the remark of a nobleman of the highest rank, who had expressed a belief that

he would think differently when he saw the securities which would accompany the concessions; 'Securities!' he said, 'it is all nonsense! I never yet could see them, and I never shall.' While the question was in progress, he wrote, 'The times are awful, when the choice of two evils only is left—a threatened rebellion, or the surrender of our constitution, by the admission of Catholics into parliament and all offices. I think even this will not satisfy Ireland. Ascendancy is their object. You may postpone, and by loss of character parry the evil for a short space; but not long, depend upon it. You and I may not see it, but our children will, and be obliged to meet the struggling man to man, which we may now shirk. By God alone can we be saved from such consequences; may he shed his power and grace upon us as a nation.' The political being every where dependent on the religious creed, a country where Popish superstitions prevail will always contain two parties, hostile upon principle to a free and constitutional government. The multitude who have surrendered the right of private judgment upon the most engrossing subject, lose the disposition to exercise it upon matters of inferior importance; and become dangerous instruments in the hands of designing characters. A party will be found among them, whose penetration can detect the mummeries of imposture, but not perceive the claims of religion; and who, as they throw off allegiance to God, revolt at any exercise of human authority. Political privileges, the strength of a nation, where the intelligence and morals of the people support the law, will, in such a country, give power to rebellion, and impunity to crime. A government paternal in vigour as in kindness; the control of a firm authority, supreme over all influence, to maintain order, to leave no excuse for party, to protect the peaceable, promptly to suppress all resistance to the law, and to give to the demagogue only the alternative between obedience and rebellion, will be required not more for the safety of the state, than for the welfare of the misguided people."

The mutiny, or rather mutinies of our misled tars, are a sad chapter in this book, which we gladly pass over; and indeed we must now bring this notice to a close. Of himself Lord Exmouth truly declared:—

"'I have never known what fortune meant. I never chose my station, and never had a friend but the king's pennant; but I have always gone where I was sent, and done what I was ordered; and he who will act upon the same principles, may do as I have done.' At the general election in 1802, he was solicited to stand for Barnstaple; for which, after a severe contest, he was returned on the 8th of July, by a very large majority. His correspondence at this period shews that he was very early wearied with the employment. Nor was he better satisfied when he had gained an insight into the nature of a parliamentary life."

We must reserve a few extracts for our next Number.

*Tremordyn Cliff.* By Frances Trollope, Author of "The Domestic Manners of the Americans," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1835. Bentley.

THERE is much talent, though unequal, to be found in these volumes. The leading character is a bold and skilful conception. The daring and ambitious woman, pursuing through youth and womanhood the one project of future greatness, has all the elements of tragedy. Through the whole of the first volume the attention is

powerfully awakened and supported; but the Countess of Gatscomb is not equal to Lady Augusta Delaporte. The character is not sustained; a child would have destroyed the important document which brings about the *dénouement*. The minor personages, too, are ill managed—they crowd the scene even to confusion, and sadly lack interest. Still there is power in the book: witness the following scene. The proud and petted heiress is told that it is a chance whether the honours she has been brought up to prize do not pass to another:—

"It was Mrs. Morel, Lady Augusta's governess, who had the charge of communicating this intelligence to her. This lady had considerable ability, and still more instruction; but for nearly thirty years she had been a governess—for nearly thirty years she had been learning to exchange the deep-felt realities of her own individual existence, for a succession of domestic connexions, all alike foreign to her blood and her heart, yet all alike demanding as lively and demonstrative an interest, as if indeed each successive set formed her only family and her only care. Such an existence can hardly leave much reality of feeling for any one, and it was with more propriety than sympathy that she now announced to her pupil an event which threatened to overthrow the only hope that made life dear to her: 'My lord has desired me, Lady Augusta, to inform you that the countess is about to present him with another child. Lady Tremordyn is to come to town in a few months for her confinement.' One of the peculiarities of character produced by Lady Augusta's moral education was the habit of restraining the expression of all emotion either by word or action. It was also her habit, on receiving directions relative to her studies from her governess, to listen to them rather in haughty than respectful silence, and to follow but never to remark upon them. Such being the usual tone of their intercourse, the circumstance of Lady Augusta's returning no answer on the present occasion excited little surprise. A feeling of curiosity led Mrs. Morel to look at her, but Lady Augusta was drawing at the time, and the expression of her countenance was completely concealed by her attitude. She remarked, indeed, that her pupil was very pale; but the complexion of Lady Augusta was too sallow to render this particularly remarkable, especially while her face was so imperfectly seen. After the pause of a few minutes, Mrs. Morel resumed: 'I understand my lord says, that if it prove a son, he will give five hundred pounds to the poor of Tremordyn, to make them remember the event.' As she said this a slight noise proceeded from Lady Augusta's drawing-desk—it was occasioned by her *porte-crayon*, which fell from her fingers to the ground. Mrs. Morel rose to restore it, and reached her chair just in time to receive the senseless form of the young lady upon her bosom. When a governess has brought up many generations of pupils, with a reputation of great propriety and good sense, she may often supply by judgment what she wants in feeling. Mrs. Morel gave proof of this on the present occasion; she rang no bell, she called for no assistance, but taking her pupil in her arms she laid her upon a sofa, and by the usual remedies soon succeeded in restoring her senses. Nor did her discretion cease here; as the unhappy girl recovered herself, no look of surprise, no glance of curiosity, shocked or irritated her feelings. 'Your ladyship has been too intent upon your drawing this morning,' said Mrs. Morel, in her



usual quiet tone: 'we will put it up, if you please; my lord by no means approves your ladyship's fatiguing yourself by too much exertion, even in your studies.' And, as she spoke, she employed herself in replacing the drawings in the portfolio, setting back the drawing-desk, and removing all traces of the occupation. Lady Augusta drew a long and painful breath, pressed her hand strongly upon her heart, and, making a violent effort to recover herself, arose from the sofa, and, in her usual cold and distant tone, replied, 'I believe you are right, ma'am; my head aches this morning. I will beg you to give orders that no other master shall be admitted; and I should wish to take my airing immediately.' Thus passed the first, and almost the only outward demonstration of the agony which this intelligence occasioned Lady Augusta.

"The birth of the young nobleman took place about the middle of June, and, as soon as it was considered safe for the countess to travel, the family removed to Tremordyn castle. No sooner was this removal effected, than the whole attention of the earl was directed towards the ceremony of christening his heir. The preparations made for this festival exceeded any thing that the county had ever witnessed. Beacon-fires were kindled along the cliff on the night preceding it, to give notice that the august ceremony, long before announced in the papers, was to take place on the morrow. When these faded before the beams of the early sun, trumpets and drums, stationed far and near, called as it should seem on all the world to awake, and witness the glories of that happy day. The ample park was thronged in every part for hours before the unconscious cause of all the din had opened his blue eyes to the morning light, and the castle itself, decorated with flowers, thronged with guests, and in movement from its deep cellars even to the pinnacle of its loftiest turret, seemed as if its old walls were themselves animated by the presence of the long-desired heir. Despite her now habitual caution; despite all the powerful efforts she made, that no indication of feeling should escape her; a glance that spoke despair shot from the dark eyes of Lady Augusta, as she gazed at the pompous ceremonies of this gorgeous christening. But her mother saw it not—she was gazing on her infant son. Her proud father saw it not—he was bending to the royal sponsors, and to the mitred prelate who had blessed his heir. No one saw it—no one heeded the tall gaunt pale-faced girl, who stood clasping her hands in rigid tension, that the trembling of her frame might not betray itself. One only object occupied every eye and every thought. Theodore Augustus Edward Delaporte, Viscount Steinfort and Baron Haut-lieu, lay pillowed on satin and canopied by velvet before the eyes of the splendid company assembled to witness the ceremony; while tenants and servants crowded the wide saloon to its utmost limits, and even from the passages leading to it head over head was seen, thronging to obtain a glimpse of the precious babe. Forgotten, totally and literally forgotten by all, the heart-broken Lady Augusta crept from the place assigned her behind her mother's chair, and threading her way amongst the eager crowd, who were still pressing forward to the great saloon, she reached a small distant room appropriated to the steward, and feeling a species of relief from its utter stillness, sat down gasping for breath, and almost wishing that the roof would fall and bury her, unhonoured and unknown for ever. A large Cornish mantle, such as is still used by the common people, lay among

various hats and bonnets, thrown together on a table near her, and at the same moment that it caught her eye, the sound of advancing steps and the murmur of many voices convinced her that in another moment a portion of the motley crowd would surround her.

"She seized upon the coarse cloak, and wrapped it round her. The hood enveloped her pale features, and its ample folds concealed her person. Hardly knowing whither it led, she passed through an open door, opposite to that by which she had entered, and pursued her way along a passage till she reached the court-yard. She flew along it with the speed of one pursued, traversed the poultry-yard, the bleaching-ground, the orchard; and then, pausing to take breath and look around her, she found that she had reached a spot familiar to her, as a point often passed in her almost daily drive towards the fine sea-view commanded from the cliff. 'The sea!—it leads to the sea!'—murmured the unhappy girl, hastily following the path she saw before her. It led, too, from the park which spread its wide and wild beauty in front of the castle, and which, now studded with booths and tents for refreshments, and crowded with men, women, and children, was as dreadful to her as the castle itself. 'The sea!—it leads to the sea!' she repeated wildly. Her head felt as if it were on fire; yet, at the first moment of her pursuing this path, it was no thought of self-destruction that urged her onward, but a longing for the coolness of the breeze from the ocean, and a feeling that stillness, solitude, and rest, would be found on the cliff, which might ease her brain and calm her mind. The track she followed led along the edge of the high ground which formed one side of the combe, or little valley, already mentioned; but a row of magnificent chestnuts sheltered it from the castle windows. 'And did they see me,' thought she, as she hurried forward, 'they would not know me—and did they know me, they would not heed me now.' With such comfort as these thoughts could give, she slackened her speed, for, unused to violent exercise of any kind, her strength was failing fast; but still she pushed onward towards the sea. At length she reached a point whence the broad ocean was fully seen; the trees no longer sheltered her—the ripe and drooping corn no longer hung across her path. She threw back the hood of her mantle, and for a moment experienced a sensation like enjoyment from the unfettered freedom with which she inhaled the breeze; but, in the next, the scene she had left rushed back upon her memory—the pomp, the pageantry, the splendour which surrounded her brother—the desolation, neglect, and oblivion that were left for her, pressed upon her heart. Again she ran forward, over the short soft turf which carpeted the cliff from the point where the corn-fields ceased, to the giddy verge that beetled over the ocean. Having reached this verge, she stood for the first time in her life upon the bold bare crag that frowned above the surf, and as she gazed with reeling brain upon the depth below, the idea of ending a being which had no longer any charm for her, passed heavily, like a dark cloud, across her mind. Unused to look thus over a precipice, with no intervening barrier to relieve the eye, she turned sick and giddy, and felt at the same time so weary and so faint that, unable, as it seemed, to make the desperate effort her dark thoughts suggested, she slipped back a pace or two, and, throwing herself upon the ground, gave way to a violent but most salutary burst of tears."

Mrs. Trollope succeeds best in her darker scenes. The more lively portions are flippant; and we must say that the episode of Lucy is very objectionable, and its result at once far-fetched and common-place. Still, as the old proverb says, "a thing well begun is half done," and the first volumes may carry the reader through the third.

*The Sacred Classics; or, Cabinet Library of Divinity, Vol. XXI. Sacred Poetry of the Seventeenth Century, Vol. I.* Edited by the Rev. R. Cattermole, B.D. and the Rev. H. Stebbing, M.A. 18mo. London, 1835. Hatchard and Son, &c.

*Bohlood; with other Poems, and Translations.* By Charles A. Elton. 8vo. pp. 480. London, 1835. Longman and Co.

*The School of the Heart, and other Poems.* By Henry Alford. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1835. Longman and Co.; Deightons, Cambridge.

WORDSWORTH as truly as beautifully observes, that "With the young poetry is, like love, a passion." What he says of the youth of humanity may equally be applied to the youth of time. The age to which we belong was truly a new era; it began with a period of singular excitement and energy. Every homeward wind brought tidings of a victory; and by such tidings what thousand emotions are stirred! National triumph, individual pride, and the fierce desire of action, were softened by the love long lingering on in absence, and the still deeper love which mourneth over the dead. All romantic associations were awakened, for our colours were flying over the most romantic countries in the world. Can we then wonder that the time of the war of the Peninsula was rife with poetry? It abounded in all its material. Poetry is in itself a sedentary art; but it delights in and belongs to a time of action. One great poet shone out with another.

"Rarely, believe me, appear the immortals, Rarely alone."

But a century, like a life, exhausts itself. We utterly disbelieve in the false cry raised, "that there is no taste for poetry;" but question that the taste has a sufficiency of supply. We have no longer the poets among us that we had; and it is made matter of marvel that we listen coldly to the crowd of succeeding imitators, who only give us what we have had so much better already. "Poetry is the first and last knowledge—it is as immortal as the heart of man." Look at the welcome Wordsworth's late volume received. Was there a journal but attempted, not to do it justice, but to offer up praise as at a shrine? and is not that very volume at this moment entering the heart of thousands, who are hiving from it rich thoughts, which will be "a joy for ever?" No! we neither lack poetry nor the taste for poetry, but we lack poets. Perhaps we carry the indifference to our poetical contemporaries to the uttermost; still, when, as we know from our daily experience, so little is to be found in the numerous slight volumes that overlay our table, we own that the indifference is based upon truth. Even in these to which we are about to draw attention, how much is there that is but a vain repetition of words, which, once said, remain for ever sacred to the lip of the first utterer! Yet there are some tones of true and native music in these pages, which deserve something more than the ear of the adder, which "heareth not." We confess that we could dispense with Elton's Lines to Anne B., and to Lucy, and to Julia; these said Christian names being the prettiest parts about them. Not so with the affecting elegy of "the Brothers;" full of that mournful

memory which comes when the first bitterness of grief is over. It is, however, chiefly as a translator that our writer excels; he delights in the old waters of Grecian song, and he catches up some of the bright waves in a glittering cup. The following, with its exquisite concluding line, is worthy of a "long-remembered place."

*"To the Peninsula of Sirnio."*

Sirnio! of isles the gem  
And shotes peninsular,  
Where either Neptune's breast upbreatheth them,  
On molten lakes or ocean's depth afar;  
With what a willing spirit, what full glee  
Once more I visit thee!  
Scarce to myself believing, that, the plain  
Of dear Bithynia left behind,  
In safety thus I look on thee again.  
O what more blessed than to feel the weight  
Of cares unloosed? when the eased mind  
Gently lays its burden down,  
And spent with travel-toil, endured so late,  
We, at the hearth that is our own,  
Sink on the wish'd, familiar couch at last.  
This, this alone  
Repays the weariness, and can atone  
For all the perils past.  
O lovely Sirnio! welcome, and with me,  
Thy lord, rejoice! O waves, that sparkle free,  
Dimpling the waters of the Lydian lake,  
Rejoice ye for my sake.  
That I, at length, am come:  
Laugh all remember'd things that laugh of home!"

We add the vivid picture of Ampelus on the hill.

"And, sudden, from a neighbouring cliff a bull loose-roaming burst,  
With open mouth and lolling tongue he stoop'd and slaked his thirst:  
Then stood, as rational, before the youth, who nearer drew,  
Nor tos'd his horn, but placid gazed, as he his herdsman knew.  
The boy adventurous climb'd, and sate upon the curly head,  
Stroking with fearless touch the horns that in a crescent spread.  
The forest-pastured bull inflam'd his ardour to command,  
And rein the mountain-ranging beast, unyoked by mortal hand.  
He pluck'd the stems of bulrushes, deep-waving in the wind,  
And, woven with twigs and lighter shoots, a mimic scourge entwined:  
He gather'd ivy's flexile sprays, and wreathed them for a rein;  
And roses cul'd and dewy leaves to deck and to restrain;  
And o'er the forehead daffodils and twisted lilies hung,  
And round the neck anemones of purple blossoms strung.  
With hollow'd hands he scoop'd the slime, where nigh the river roll'd,  
And smear'd the horns, that yellow'd shone with glittering grains of gold;  
Then cast a furry skin athwart the bull's broad loins, and rose  
Into his seat, and on the hide let fall the lightsome blows  
From his mock scourge; as though, in sooth, he back'd a named steed;  
And lash'd his murderer on with rash and inconsiderate speed:  
Then, lifting to the bull-faced moon a look of daring glee—  
'Hom'd moon!' he cried, 'thy team of bulls and thou must yield to me!  
I, too, can curb a bull, and horns surmount my satyr's brow;  
Thus to the silver-orbing moon he spoke, high-glorying now:  
But the moon's eye, with jealous light, through fields of boundless air  
Saw Ampelus on that sad bull transported soft and fair:  
She sent a gadfly forth, that bears the herd-provoking sting.  
The gadfly insect, round the bull still flitting on the wing,  
Drove him with restless pace along, ev'n like a vaulting steed,  
O'er mountainous ridges; and the youth, deserted at his need,  
Beheld him thus o'er peaked hills bound headlong far and wide,  
And toll-aghast with plaintive voice thus supplicantly cried:—  
'Stop, O my bull! to-day, and thou shalt on the morrow slay me not here on lonesome rocks, lest, when the deed is done,  
Bacchus should hear: nor yet resent that I have gilt thy horn;  
Nor let the friendship of the god now move thy envious scorn.  
If thou wilt slay and heedest not the love that Bacchus bears,  
Nor pitiest him who holds thy rein, who weeps and who despairs;

If, nor his flower of opening years nor Bacchus' friendly moves,  
Convey me where the satyrs haunt and crush me in their groves:

That they, at least, may mourn my dust; my abjuration hear,  
O friendly bull! and he who warr'd may drop a pitying tear.  
If thou must quell thy rider thus, who bears the satyr's sign,  
The rounding horns upon the brow and aspect like to thine;  
With vocal organs tell my death, ungrateful as thou art,  
To Ceres: she in Bacchus' grief, be sure, will bear a part:  
So said the rose-cheek'd boy, as now he hover'd o'er his grave;  
O'er trackless ridges of the hills the bull high-bounding drove,  
And from his back shook down the boy; the jointed neck was broke,  
With crushing sound; roll'd o'er and o'er beneath the pointed stroke  
Of goring horns, he lay, and all his body blush'd with gore;  
A satyr saw him stretched in dust; the heavy tidings bore:  
And Bacchus hasten'd like the winds; ev'n Hercules was slow,  
Who ran when nymphs drew Hylas down in envious waves below;  
And the fair ravisher of streams refused to let her bridegroom go.  
So Bacchus printed with his feet the soil that smok'd beneath,  
And look'd up to the youth, who seem'd in pulseless death, to breathe:  
And in his mantle wrapp'd the dead, and velvet deer-skins threw  
O'er the cold limbs; and on the feet, though lifeless, buskins drew;  
And crop'd the brief anemone to wreath his hair with fading hue;  
Placed in his hand the ivied spear; the purple robe o'er-spread,  
And tore a tress from unclipp'd locks to grace the martyr'd dead;  
And from his mother Rhea's hand he took th' ambrosial shower  
To bathe his wounds, anon to yield the fragrance of their flower,  
And, springing into vine-shoots, breathe their own ambrosial power.  
No longer paleness overspread his rosy body's hue,  
As graceful at his length he lay, and breezes fitful blew  
Lifting the hair, and sighing soft the wavy ringlets through.  
Lovely he lay upon the soil, though all with dust defiled—  
And beauty had not left the dead, for still, though dead, he smiled;  
And holed utterance seem'd to hang on the mute lips of that fair child:  
And Bacchus cried, with plaintive voice, whilst looking on the dead—  
And his calm brow's serenity with lowering wrath was overspread—  
'Dear boy! thy lifeless lips retain Persuasion's rosy breath,  
She blooms upon thy glistening cheek, and those fair eyes yet laugh in death.  
The palms of these so gentle hands are delicate as snows,  
And through thy lifted lovesome locks the breeze shrill-sighing blows:  
Death's chilling blast has touch'd thy limbs, but has not quench'd the rose.  
O dearest! wherefore would'st thou rule th' ungovernable air?  
Why didst thou never breathe thy wish into this friendly ear,  
And say that on storm-footed steeds thou would'st career afar?  
Then had I brought from Ida's tops the conser and the car.  
Hast thou but said, 'I need the car,' the chariot should have run,  
Thy seat secure, and solid wheels in ringing circles spun.  
Then Rhea's reins had fill'd thy hold, though grasp'd by none but me;  
And thou hadst lash'd the dragons yoked, tame—sliding on with thee.  
Alas! no more with satyr guests thou sing'st the lyral song,  
No more with cymbal-clashing nymphs thou lead'st the dancing throng;  
No more with Bacchus in the hunt thou ridest, a youthful hunter strong.  
O grave! O grave unmerciful! that wilt not for the dead Accept the price of treasures dug from earth's rich-veined bed!  
All would I give to see again my Ampelus alive:  
Ah! unpersuadable and stern! with one, that cannot hear, I strive.  
Would'st thou but listen I would strip the river-trees that grow,  
Dropping their amber jewels down, upon the banks of Po:  
I'd cull lud's ruby stone, that glows with red transparent ray,  
And all the gold of Alyba to bring him back to day!  
Yes—for my boy, my lifeless boy, I'd give the grains of gold  
In deep Pactolus' eddy tides immeasurable roll'd!"

The great charm of Mr. Alford's volume is that of natural scenery. A summer evening has been the inspiration; and the two or three

ensuing poems ought to be favourites with those who love to link some associate thought with the twilight or the woodland walk:—

*"For an Inscription."*

I was a young fair tree:  
Each spring with quivering green  
My boughs were clad; and, far  
Down the deep vale, a light  
Shone from me on the eyes  
Of those who past: a light  
That told of sunny days  
And blossoms, and blue sky;  
For I was ever first  
Of all the grove, to hear  
The soft voice under ground  
Of the warm-working Spring;  
And ere my brethren stirred  
Their sheathed buds, the kine,  
And the kine's keeper, came  
Slow up the valley path,  
And laid them underneath  
My cool and rustling leaves;  
And I could feel them there  
As in the quiet shade  
They stood, with tender thoughts,  
That past along their life  
Like wings on a still lake,  
Blessing me—and to God—  
The blessed God, who cares  
For all my little leaves,  
Went up the silent prayer;  
And I was glad with joy  
Which life of labouring things  
Ill knows, the joy that sinks  
Into a life of rest.  
Ages have fled since then:  
But deem not my pierced trunk  
And scanty leafage serves  
No high behest; my name  
Is sounded far and wide:  
And in the Providence  
That guides the steps of men  
Hundreds have come to view  
My grandeur in decay:  
And there hath passed from me  
A quiet influence  
Into the minds of men:  
The silver head of age,  
The majesty of laws,  
The very name of God,  
And holiest things that are,  
Have won upon the heart  
Of humankind the more,  
For that I stand to meet  
With vast and bleaching trunk  
The rudeness of the sky."

*"Lady Mary."*

Thou wert fair, Lady Mary,  
As the lily in the sun;  
And fairer yet thou mightest be—  
Thy youth was but begun.  
Thine eye was soft and glancing,  
Of the deep bright blue;  
And on the heart thy gentle words  
Fell lighter than the dew.  
They found thee, Lady Mary,  
With thy palms upon thy breast,  
Even as thou hadst been praying,  
At thine hour of rest:  
The cold pale moon was shining  
On thy cold pale cheek;  
And the morn of the Nativity  
Had just begun to break.  
They carved thee, Lady Mary,  
All of pure white stone,  
With thy palms upon thy breast,  
In the chancel all alone:  
And I saw thee when the winter moon  
Shone on thy marble cheek,  
When the morn of the Nativity  
Had just begun to break.  
But thou kneeldest, Lady Mary,  
With thy palms upon thy breast,  
Among the perfect spirits,  
In the land of rest:  
Thou art even as they took thee  
At thine hour of rest:  
Save the glory that is on thee  
From the sun that shineth there.  
We shall see thee, Lady Mary,  
On that shore unknown,  
A pure and happy angel  
In the presence of the throne:  
We shall see thee, when the light divine  
Plays freshly on thy cheek,  
And the resurrection morning  
Hath just begun to break."

*"A Doubt."*

'Wisdom is oft-times nearer when we stoop  
Than when we soar.—W. Wordsworth.  
I know not how the right may be:—  
But I give thanks whenever I see  
Down in the green slopes of the West  
Old Glastonbury's towered crest.

I know not how the right may be—  
But I have oft had joy to see  
By play of chance my road beside  
The Cross on which the Saviour died.  
I know not how the right may be—  
But I loved once a tall elm tree  
Because, between its boughs on high,  
That Cross was opened on the sky.  
I know not how the right may be—  
But I have shed strange tears to see,  
Passing an unknown town at night,  
In some warm chamber full of light  
A mother and two children fair  
Kneeling with lifted hands at prayer.  
I know not how it is—my boast  
Of reason seems to dwindle down;  
And my mind seems down-argued most  
By forced conclusions not her own.  
I know not how it is—unless  
Weakness and strength are near allied;  
And joys which most the spirit bless  
Are furthest off from earthly pride."

"Child, whither goest thou  
Over the snowy hill?  
The frost-air nips so keen  
That the very clouds are still:  
From the golden folding curtains  
The sun hath not looked forth,  
And brown the snow-mist hangs  
Round the mountains to the North."

"Kind stranger, dost thou see  
Yonder church-tower rise,  
Thrusting its crown of pinnacles  
Into the looming skies?  
Thither go I: keen the morning  
Bites, and deep the snow;  
But, in spite of them,  
Up the frosted hill I go."  
"Child, and what dost thou  
When thou shalt be there?  
The chance-door is shut—  
There is no bell for prayer;  
Yester morn and yester even  
Met we there and prayed;  
But now none is there  
Save the dead lowly laid."  
"Stranger, underneath that tower,  
On the western side,  
A happy, happy company  
In holy peace abide:  
My father and my mother,  
And my sisters four—  
Their beds are made in swelling turf,  
Fronting the western door."  
"Child, if thou speak to them  
They will not answer thee:  
They are deep down in earth—  
Thy face they cannot see.  
Then wherefore art thou going  
Over the snowy hill?  
Why seek thy low-laid family  
Where they lie cold and still?"  
"Stranger, when the summer heats  
Would dry their turfy bed,  
Duly from this loving hand  
With water it is fed:  
They must be cleared this morning  
From the thick-laid snow—  
So now along the frosted field,  
Stranger, let me go."

The last on our list belongs to the masters of the olden time. The *Christian Classics* contain in their present volume a delightful selection. We cannot resist one or two quotations. Did ever Raphael paint a finer portrait than the ensuing one by Fletcher?

"Upon a grassy hillock he was laid,  
With woody primroses befreckled,  
Over his head the wanton shadows play'd  
Of a wild olive, that her boughs so spread,  
As with her leaves she seemed to crown his head,  
And her green arms to embrace the Prince of Peace;  
The sun so near, needs must the winter cease—  
The sun so near, another spring seem'd to increase.  
His hair was black, and in small curls did twine,  
As though it were the shadow of some light;  
And, underneath, his face, as day, did shine—  
But sure the day shined not half so bright,  
Nor the sun's shadow made so dark a night.  
Under his lovely locks, her head to shroud,  
Did meek Humility herself grow proud—  
Hither, to light their lamps, did all the graces crowd."

We conclude with the "Decay of Life" by Quarles.

"And now the cold autumnal dews are seen  
To cobweb every green;  
And by the low-shorn rowins doth appear  
The fast-declining year;  
The sapless branches doff their summer suits  
And wain their winter fruits;

And stormy blasts have forc'd the quaking trees  
To wrap their trembling limbs in suits of mossy frieze.  
Our wasted taper now hath brought her light  
To the next door to night;  
Her sprightless flame, grown with great snuff, doth turn  
Sad as her neighb'ring urn;  
Her slender inch, that yet unspent remains,  
Lights but to further pains,  
And in a silent language bids her guest  
Prepare his weary limbs to take eternal rest.  
Now careful age hath pitch'd her painful plough  
Upon the furrow'd brow;  
And snowy blasts of discontented care  
Have blanch'd the falling hair:  
Suspicious envy, mix'd with jealous spite,  
Disturbs his weary night;  
He threatens youth with age; and now, alas!  
He owns not what he is, but vaunts the man he was.  
Gray hairs, peruse thy days, and let thy past  
Read lectures to thy last:  
Those hasty wings that hurried them away  
Will give these days no day:  
The constant wheels of nature scorn to tire  
Until her works expire;  
That blast that nipp'd thy youth will ruin thee;  
That hand that shook the branch will quickly strike the tree."

A well-written essay introduces these specimens of English sacred poetry, which we cordially recommend to our readers.

#### American Excursion. By a Citizen of Edinburgh.

[Concluded from page 243.]

As we proposed in our review of this volume, we add our countryman's adventure in a North American wood.

"I was not gone long (he says, poor fellow)—I had shot three pigeons and a black squirrel—when I thought of returning; but I found, as the mouse in the trap did, that it was much easier getting into the woods than getting out of them again. I walked in a direction which I thought the right one, till I was sure I must have got to the clearing; but always the more I walked the less likelihood I saw of getting out. I hallooed till the birds rose from their resting places, wondering what strange animal this was that had come among them. Well, what was to be done? My legs were fairly tired out. I sat down on the stump of a tree to take a rest; but I had not been seated five minutes ere I saw a snake, about three feet long, creeping as sly as you please through among the underwood in the direction where I sat. I could not make out from his hissing to what tribe he belonged; but I thought his eye by far too sly for me: so I walked off as fast as I could, to give my gentleman a wide berth. I now walked any way, for I thought chance might do for me what I could not do for myself—that was to take me out again. But no; I walked on till I was like to drop down. It was now between 7 and 8 P.M.; the sun set or setting, and the woods threw a gloom around, which made me feel something like Eve, after her fatal intercourse with the serpent. I had been told that the wolves were sometimes heard howling in the forest; and I recollected of hearing of a Canadian, who, when out shooting deer, was devoured by them: all which was no consolation to me. I was now fain to scramble up a tree, and nestle there for the night; but the trees were all straight, and without any branches, except near to the top, so it was impossible to ascend any of them. I was startled when I heard any thing move. At one time a frog as large as a cat, with a voice strong enough to lead in the 100th Psalm at a Burgher meeting, looked up in my face, as much as to say, 'Don't harm me;' but by this time I was willing to let alone for let alone, and, acting on this principle, I spared a large gray squirrel within six yards of me. At last, when nature was nearly exhausted, I came to a tree that had been felled either by the lightning or the wind,

and in falling had come in contact with the tree next to it, and thus hung half way to the ground, forming a kind of bridge, by which I could ascend to the adjacent tree. I climbed up and took possession, quite happy to escape from the dangers below. But I had no easy job in getting myself and gun to the top of the tree, and then to prevent myself from falling down again, I had to tie myself with my handkerchief to the tree; but still I did not feel quite at home. Perched up like a baboon in a forest, about midnight a storm of wind and rain, thunder and lightning, came on; I was fairly drenched through, and I shook as if I was in a fit of the North Carolina ague. The storm lasted, I think, about three-quarters of an hour. When it abated, I was so overpowered with sleep that I could hardly keep awake. I dropped my gun at this time, which shews I must have been napping. But the longest night will have an end. Daylight came at last, when I descended from my airy habitation, and went again in search of the civilised world. About five in the morning I heard a bell ringing at a great distance. I followed in the direction the sound came from, hallooing as loud as I could. The sound came nearer and nearer, till at last I saw the settler, whose house I had just left before I went into the woods. He had come into the woods to seek me. He told me I was not above a mile from his log house. He had taken the precaution to bring a pocket compass with him; so in a short time I was safely sitting in his house at breakfast, which I did ample justice to, as I had not tasted food for eighteen hours."

How he must have wished himself on Arthur's Seat: but we have now to quote his statement on another American subject of great interest in the policy of every country, viz. the prison discipline.

"I was not long on board (he tells, relating his return to New York) ere I observed, sitting in the fore-part of the boat, a half-starved, half-clad human being. He had terror and misery strongly marked on his countenance; all the social feelings seemed dead in him for ever. I found on inquiry he had lately been an inmate of Sing-Sing Prison. He had been sentenced for fourteen years, but I could not learn his crime. I was anxious to know some particulars of this famous prison, where 1000 convicts are kept at hard labour, and doomed to perpetual silence, during the term of their confinement. I got into conversation with the poor wretch; and he certainly described the horrors and the cruelties of that prison to be such as must shock the feelings of humanity. The prisoners are worked hard, and allowed but a scanty share of provisions. They never get a meal full, so there is a constant craving for food; and yet, if any of the prisoners, through illness, have any of their provisions left over, they are flogged severely if detected in giving it to another, and the receiver is also flogged. This prohibition is so strictly enforced, that my informant declares he was once flogged for picking up an old chew of tobacco which one of the keepers had spat out of his mouth. No wonder that such cruel treatment breaks down the health and the spirits of those unfortunate wretches. Some of them commit suicide; others are taken sick, and when death comes to their relief, one would think some sympathy might be shewn to the dying man; but no,—with a refinement in cruelty peculiar to the Yankees, no friend, not even a father, a brother, or a wife, is allowed to sooth his dying couch; he sees before him the dark valley of the shadow of death, and in that



awful hour he looks around for some one he loves to sooth the agonies of his soul, but he looks in vain. These prisoners, who have transgressed the laws of their country, are still human beings; they are all more or less susceptible to kind treatment; they have a sense of natural justice about them; they feel that the punishment inflicted is far beyond even what is due to the crimes they have committed; a spirit of revenge is first cherished in their bosoms against their keepers; they next become dejected and almost heart-broken under the merciless castigations which they see inflicted every day around them; their constitutions fail, and if they survive the term of their imprisonment, they come out objects only for the charity workhouse. I sincerely trust that our free and happy country may never be disgraced by the adoption of such a system of brutal tyranny and oppression. While I listened to the narrative told me by this man, I had occasion to put some questions to him, and I noticed when I spoke that he gave an involuntary shudder: I asked him the cause, and he said, that for fourteen long years he had hardly ever heard a human voice, except that of his keeper, and even that he had scarcely ever heard, but it was to order him to strip to be flogged. I felt deeply for this miserable outcast, and gave him a trifle of money, and left him sitting where I first saw him."

Of temperance societies it is stated:—

"Whisky is very cheap. It is sold wholesale at 10d. per gallon. A man can get reasonably drunk for 1½d. and dead drunk for 2d. I would recommend emigrants, particularly those who have little command over themselves, to join a temperance society on their arrival. I am convinced these societies have been the salvation of thousands. Drinking ardent spirits is much more hurtful to the constitution in America than it is in Europe, and ought to be guarded against, as, after a person has indulged to excess in the use of spirits, it is very difficult indeed to reclaim them [him]. A preacher, descending on the impossibility of the drunkard retracing his steps, after he had gone a certain length, made use of the following strong simile:—"My brethren, it is a very easy task to row a boat over the falls of Niagara, but an all sufficient job to row it back again."

Our countryman performed his journey in the short space of four months and seventeen days, when he safely returned to auld Reekie; and we think we need scarcely add after these extracts, that we consider his little book to be one of great merit and honesty of purpose, and well worthy of the public attention.

*The French Language its own Teacher.* By René Aliva, author of "The Anti-Spelling-Book." Part I. 12mo. pp. 274. London, 1835. Churton.

So many elementary works professing to reduce the difficulties attendant on the learning of languages, and especially of the French language, are constantly issuing from the press, that but for the high reputation of that able and useful production "The Anti-Spelling-Book," we should scarcely have been tempted to take up the volume before us. Having done so, however, we went through it with attention, and we can truly say, that although by no contrivance can the indolent hope to be relieved from the necessity of labour, the English student will find in M. Aliva's system (as far as it has been developed) aids in the acquisition of the French language as valuable as they are novel. The author has so clearly described in his in-

troduction the present method of learning French, and that which he proposes to substitute, that we will do him the justice to quote the following passages. Speaking generally of the teachers of French in England, he says:—

"Most of them, conformably to the old system, which is the same in respect to all living languages, begin by making their pupils study a grammar. As all grammars are, with trifling exceptions, copied from one another, let us suppose that choice is made of Levizac's, the best of all. One set of teachers, like those newspaper readers who pore over all the columns of a journal, force their pupils to wade through the seventy pages preceding the exercises:—a preliminary labour which may occupy several months, and is besides so irksome that it frequently creates an unconquerable disgust even in the most persevering. If the professor, on the contrary, makes his pupil immediately begin the exercises, he places himself in opposition to the author; and proclaims that M. de Levizac is a guide upon whom the learner must not implicitly rely. But whether the pupil be occupied or not for whole months on those seventy pages, is of little importance. We at length find him at the exercises, and seriously engaged in writing French, a language of which he knows scarcely a few words, and nothing at all of its phraseology. When the pupil has been employed on exercises for four or five months, that is to say, when he has written a number of loose, trifling, heavy, and perhaps barbarous sentences, he is made to translate a French book. The work ordinarily fixed upon is one of those collections of fables, letters, anecdotes or stories, manufactured in England, and so remarkable for insipidity of style and grammatical inaccuracy. Suppose, however, that instead of those miserable productions so pitilessly disfiguring the French language, but unfortunately too often found at schools, the pupil translates a good work of our literature:—what happens? As the constantly occurring difficulties are not removed or explained, his progress is arrested at every line; and at best he advances but at a slow and uncertain pace. For you must not flatter yourself that he understands the French language, because he has written it during five or six months. He knows nothing of it; and you must not be surprised even if he ask his teacher whether the language of our great writers is not an idiom quite different from that which he has been endeavouring to acquire. In fact, he is so devoid of any real knowledge of the language, that a barbarous construction may appear more regular and harmonious to his ear than an elegant and nicely rounded period. How can it be otherwise? The only French which he has hitherto known is the trash he has himself written in his exercises. Tell him that the sentence he has mangled, in which every word is out of joint, is excellent; he will believe you, and in very simplicity will set himself up for a clever fellow. Thus, writing once or twice the exercises of Levizac, Hamel, or Chambaud; translating indifferently a set of fables, choice collections, a part of Numa Pompilius, Belisarius, Anacharsis, Telemachus, or Gil Blas; committing to memory a long rigmarole of insignificant and unconnected sentences, falsely called dialogues, though commonly forming nothing but insipid monologues:—such is the labour performed by children during the four or five years they study French at school. I do not, therefore, hesitate to assert, that of twenty individuals instructed after this fashion, fifteen are incapable of reading our best writers, understanding conversa-

tion, or writing half-a-dozen intelligible lines."

His own plan, he observes, is founded upon a principle entirely opposed to that which has hitherto formed the basis of teaching languages.

"To learn the rules of a language; to set about writing it immediately; and then to endeavour to understand it, and to read the authors who wrote in it: such is the old method. To assist the pupil in understanding a language; to point out gradually to him its idiom, in order that he may comprehend all its peculiarities; to enable him to read fluently the most esteemed works; to instruct him properly in the rules which have guided the great writers; and then to teach him to write, by imitating them, making himself perfectly master of their phraseology and aptness of expression: such is my system."

For details we must refer to the book itself; the careful perusal of which would be exceedingly beneficial even to many of those who imagine that they have a competent knowledge of the language.

*The Principles of Physiology applied to the Preservation of Health, and to the Improvement of Physical and Mental Education.* By Andrew Combe, M.D. Post 8vo. pp. 404. Edinburgh, 1835, MacLachlan and Stewart; London, Simpkin and Marshall; Dublin, Hodges and Smith.

A THIRD edition of a work of this class, demanded within the short space of eleven months, saves the critic the pleasant duty of encomium, and would even spare the breath of puffing, generally so ready and lavish of expenditure. Dr. Combe's volume has required no inordinate share of the former, and has had resort to none of the latter: it has fairly made its way by its own merits. The subject, too, is of universal interest. Without health what are we? And yet how little do we care about it, till by some unexpected stroke the vision of perpetual vigour vanishes, the blessing has fled. Then we may wish that we had adopted some of the plain, easy, and agreeable precautions which an acquaintance with medicine and good common sense have united to recommend in these sensible pages; that we had known a little better in time; and that we had not so foolishly neglected admonitions and encouraged disease. The proverb says it is never too late to mend; but we agree with Dr. Combe that it is far preferable to prevent mischief; and, holding that doctrine, we take upon us to state that his treatise is well calculated to be extensively useful and beneficial to every class of the community.

We need not go over the first principles of physiology, nor enlarge upon the various points in the animal economy, all of which are treated clearly and scientifically; but will content ourselves with making two or three extracts from the new matter introduced into this edition, which will exhibit the talent of the writer, and be a just criterion of the value of his remarks on other branches of his interesting subject.

On the great advantage of free perspiration, he says, "I have often had occasion to remark the powerful influence which free perspiration from natural causes has in relieving acidity in the stomach and promoting digestion, and the fact that acidity is most prevalent when the skin is most inactive; and have thereby been led to prescribe with advantage the frequent use of the tepid and vapour bath in calculous and other complaints arising from excess of acid. In accordance with the same principle, we find Lord Byron noting in his *Journal* (28th March, 1814), that after having, when

previously very unwell, 'sported with Jackson *ad sudorem*,' he felt 'much better in health than for many days,' and remarking, that 'the more violent the fatigue, the better his spirits for the rest of the day,' and this too at a time when he was deriving little relief from his favourite remedies, abstinence and soda-water. These results seem to corroborate the doctrine of M. Donné, that in the healthy state an acid humour is secreted from the whole surface of the skin, while the mucus secreted from the digestive canal is every where, except in the stomach, of an alkaline nature. The subject is still not very clear, but it deserves the most careful examination."

After a good deal on muscular exercise, we find the following judicious observations:—

"After this exposition, I need hardly say that the loud and distinct speaking enforced in many public schools is productive of much good to the young, and that, in this respect, the occasional songs in which all are required to join in the infant schools and other institutions are much to be commended. Let any one who doubts their efficacy as exercises of the lungs attend to what passes in his own body on reading aloud a single paragraph, and he will find, not only that deep inspirations and full expirations are encouraged, but that a considerable impulse is communicated to the bowels, affording a marked contrast to the slight breathing and quiescent posture of those whose voices never rise above a whisper. Reading aloud, public speaking, and lecturing, are excellent exercises for developing the lungs and the chest. But, as they require some exertion, they ought to be indulged in with prudence, and with constant reference to the constitution and health of the individual."

But the subjoined quotation, with which we conclude, has struck us more forcibly than any other passage in the book; and we earnestly entreat for it the attention of parents and those to whom the charge of children is committed.

"In an excellent little work on the influence of mental excitement on health, lately published in America, Dr. Brigham says, in allusion to children of this description, 'Dangerous forms of scrofulous disease among children have repeatedly fallen under my observation, for which I could not account in any other way, than by supposing that the brain had been exercised at the expense of other parts of the system, and at a time of life when nature is endeavouring to perfect all the organs of the body; and, after the disease commenced, I have seen with grief the influence of the same cause in retarding or preventing recovery. I have seen several affecting and melancholy instances of children, five or six years of age, lingering awhile with diseases from which those less gifted readily recover, and at last dying, notwithstanding the utmost efforts to restore them. During their sickness they constantly manifested a passion for books and mental excitement, and were admired for the maturity of their minds. The chance for the recovery of such precocious children is, in my opinion, small, when attacked by disease; and several medical men have informed me, that their own observations had led them to form the same opinion, and have remarked, that in two cases of sickness, if one of the patients was a child of superior and highly cultivated mental powers, and the other one equally sick, but whose mind had not been excited by study, they should feel less confident of the recovery of the former than of the latter. This mental precocity results from an unnatural development of one organ of the body at the expense of the constitution.' Dr. Brigham

justly remarks, that it is ignorance in the parents which leads to the too early and excessive cultivation of the minds, especially of precocious and delicate children; but from the examples which he gives, and the general bearing of his admonitions, the error of commencing systematic education too soon, and stimulating the infant mind too highly, seems to be decidedly more prevalent in the United States than in this country. Among the 'children's books' in the United States, many are announced as purposely prepared 'for children from two to three years old!' and among others are 'infant manuals' for botany, geometry, and astronomy!! That mode of teaching is considered the best which forces on the infant mind at the most rapid rate, without regard to health or any other consideration. Dr. Brigham adds from personal observation, that, in many families, children under three years of age are not only required to commit to memory many verses, texts of Scripture, and stories, but are often sent to the ordinary schools for six hours a-day. Few children are kept back later than the age of four. At home, too, they are induced by all sorts of excitement to learn additional tasks or peruse juvenile books and magazines, till the nervous system becomes enfeebled and the health broken. 'I have myself,' he continues, 'seen many children who are supposed to possess almost miraculous mental powers, experiencing these effects and sinking under them. Some of them died early, when but six or eight years of age, but manifested to the last a maturity of understanding which only increased the agony of separation. Their minds, like some of the fairest flowers, were 'no sooner blown than blasted;' others have grown up to manhood, but with feeble bodies and a disordered nervous system, which subjected them to hypochondriasis, dyspepsia, and all the Protean forms of nervous disease; 'others of the class of early prodigies exhibit in manhood but small mental powers, and are the mere passive instruments of those who, in early life, were accounted far their inferiors.' In well conducted infant schools these evils are carefully guarded against. In this country children are not generally sent to school so early; but education is still too much restricted to the exclusive exercise of the mental powers, to the neglect of the physical, and, in the instance of delicate children, is pushed on too rapidly. I lately witnessed the fate of one of these early prodigies, and it was exactly such as above described. The prematurely developed intellect was admired, and constantly stimulated by injudicious praise and the excitement of daily exhibition to every visitor who chanced to call. Entertaining books were thrown in the way, reading by the fireside encouraged; play and exercise neglected; the diet allowed to be full and heating, and the appetite pampered by every delicacy. The results were the speedy deterioration of a weak constitution, a high degree of nervous sensibility, deranged digestion, disordered bowels, defective nutrition, and, lastly, death, at the very time at which the interest excited by the mental precocity was at its height. Such, however, is the ignorance of parents on all physiological subjects, that when one of these infant prodigies dies from erroneous treatment, it is not unusual to publish a memoir of his life, that other parents may see by what means such transcendent qualities were called forth. Dr. Brigham refers to a memoir of this kind, in which the history of John Mooney Mead, aged four years and eleven months, is narrated as approved of by 'several

judicious persons, ministers and others, all of whom united in the request that it might be published, and all agreed in the opinion that a knowledge of the manner in which the child was treated, together with the results, would be profitable both to parents and children, and a benefit to the cause of education.' This infantine philosopher was 'taught hymns before he could speak plainly;' 'reasoned with,' and constantly instructed, until his last illness, which, 'without any assignable cause,' put on a violent and unexpected form, and carried him off. As a warning not to force education too soon or too fast, this case may be truly 'profitable both to parents and children;' but, as an example to be followed, it assuredly cannot be too strongly or loudly condemned. Infant schools, however, in which physical health and moral training are duly attended to, are excellent institutions. In youth, too, much mischief is done by the long school hours and continued application of mind which the ordinary system of education requires. The law of exercise, that long sustained action exhausts the vital powers of an organ, applies equally to the brain as to the muscles; and hence the necessity of varying the occupations of the young, and allowing frequent intervals of active exercise in the open air, instead of enforcing the continued confinement now so common. This exclusive attention to mental culture fails, as might be expected, even in its essential object; for experience shews that, with a rational distribution of employment and exercise, a child will make greater progress than in double the time employed in continuous mental exertion. If the human being were made up of nothing but a brain and nervous system, it would be very well to content ourselves with sedentary pursuits, and to confine ourselves entirely to the mind. But when observation tells us that we have numerous other important organs of motion, sanguification, digestion, circulation, and nutrition, all demanding exercise and the open air as essential both to their own health and to that of the nervous system, it is worse than folly to shut our eyes to the fact, and to act as if we could, by denying it, alter the constitution of nature, and thereby escape the consequences of our misconduct."

We are glad to see that the author promises us another volume on a similar plan, embracing the physiology of digestion and the principles of dietetics.

#### Colonel Badcock's Rough Sketches.

[Continued from page 261.]

"Lisbon (says our author) had been evacuated by the Miguelite troops as well as by the police—but before the Duke de Terceira entered there was still a pause; the flag of Donna Maria was hoisted, pulled down, and again rehoisted: great doubt still remained, but some foreigners assisting, and hiring a few gallegos, rehoisted the flag of the queen at St. George and some other conspicuous places; upon which, the British squadron in the Tagus immediately fired a salute. A salute from the British squadron to a Portuguese flag had not been heard for years. The Portuguese, too happy to be quiet, said—'Oh! the English have at length decided, and consequently we will not stir.' Lisbon, therefore, became constitutional. When Don Pedro arrived he considered the affair as finished, and on entering the Tagus cast his sword into the sea, saying he should no longer require it. He was very soon, however, obliged to find another. The apparent enthusiasm and the *vivas* that were heard did not, perhaps, so much proceed from love to the cause, as from



that kind of joy which people feel on having escaped a great danger.\* In the meantime troops were sent for from Porto, and levies were ordered in Lisbon. At Porto, after the late defeat of the Miguelites, but few deserters came in; no corps came over to Don Pedro, and no towns declared in his favour. When he sailed from Porto, our men-of-war saluted the flag, although they would not give him a boat to take him on board. The Miguelites bombarded the city, as before, during the whole night, and still retained the same position. Fourteen deserters had come in. Here the Miguelites committed another great blunder. Instead of marching their forces direct upon Lisbon, leaving a sufficient number to fight the Pedreiros in the field, they remained round Porto. Had they marched to Lisbon directly, it would have been retaken, for it was justly observed, that the Miguelites threw Lisbon away, and the Constitutionalists picked it up. Even when they did at length proceed to Lisbon, they were four days too late, or they would have ensured its recapture."

The annexed are miscellaneous. At Oporto: "I will here relate an anecdote of Portuguese honesty. A German gentleman, about a year and a half before, previously to the investment of the place, had given a poor peasant woman a piece of linen to make shirts; and, to his astonishment, she made and brought them all to him, having conveyed them safely through the midst of the Miguelite soldiery, at a time when troops in general would be too apt to appropriate so useful an article to themselves. On mentioning this to an English lady in Porto, she said, 'Oh! that is nothing—a poor woman has brought me back all the thread I gave her to make tape, saying that she could not make the tape, as the soldiers had burned her machinery.' There were numberless instances of servants and others begging in the streets rather than make any use of the property entrusted to their charge. I am confident that if I returned to Porto, I should find a few things that I gave to some poor people, telling them to keep them till I returned, most faithfully guarded. Such is the fidelity of these people. I doubt if any virtues the constitution may produce will make amends for those they will lose, even if they should arrive at penny papers every morning at breakfast, and have the beautiful clearness of their atmosphere destroyed by the vapours and smoke of manufactories."

At Lisbon:—

"The lady of Senhor Pinto Bastos had recently died, and I therefore went to pay a visit of condolence to him. It is the custom of the country to receive these visits for eight days. The family, dressed in mourning, are all assembled in one of the principal rooms, which is hung with black; the visitors go in and bow to all the party; not a word is spoken, and after sitting a short time, they bow again and retire. This custom must, I should think, be very painful to the relations, although it is regarded as a proper civility that friends should conform to."

"The nobles adhering to the queen amounted to—dukes, 2; marquises, 7; counts, 8; viscounts, 0; dignitaries of the church, 1—total,

\* This reminds me of an occurrence which took place when I formerly entered a town in France with an advanced guard of the allied army. As we were cloaked, the inhabitants could not distinguish our nation, but began to 'Viva' that nation which they most dreaded. They first cried out, 'Vivent les Espagnols!'—upon receiving no answer, they cried, 'Vivent les Portugais!'—but still receiving no answer, they shouted, 'Vive Napoleon! vivent nos bons gens!' When we declared ourselves to be English, they became alarmed, and said, 'Had you told us this before, we would have cried out what was right.'"

18. And those espousing the cause of Don Miguel—dukes, 2; marquises, 17; counts, 42; viscounts, 23; dignitaries of the church, 23—total, 107. Of these, some afterwards went over to the queen, and some were become extinct."

At last, "the British embassy, backed by the French, made a movement up to Cartaxo and offered terms—terms the most advantageous to the followers of Don Miguel. They, however, still refused, and remained true to their colours. They were reduced to the most trying situation. Spain, in their rear, had declared against them, and they were abandoned by all the powers of Europe. Their forts and their fleet gone, to what could they look? Still, however, the troops clung to their chief, though suffering every deprivation, without shoes, without clothing, badly paid, and perishing from pestilence; and the embassies retired—defeated for this time. Threats and bribes were said to have been tried to push down the falling power of a poor weak kingdom. At length the finishing stroke was given by a quadruple alliance, which the Spaniards, a nation detested by the Portuguese, were invited to join. The country is now filled with banditti and robbers;—and who are these robbers? They are not the pickpockets and rogues of a metropolis, but the yeomanry and peasantry, the best blood of their country: people who were committed to their cause, and who are now not of sufficient power or wealth to be enabled to fly to foreign countries, though they can no longer remain on their own properties, and are, therefore, driven to their rocks and mountains to carry on a Guerilla warfare."

"On the few days remaining previously to my embarkation, I visited various parts of the town of Lisbon; amongst others, the new library in the Commercial Square, where there is a well-executed statue of Maria I. The bronze horse in this square had been ornamented on its pedestal with a large medallion of the celebrated Marquis of Pombal, which was considered as a compliment to Saldanha. I likewise went several times to the sales beyond the Roscio, known to the English by the name of Rag Fair. The houses there were loaded with the richest and most ancient valuables for sale, viz. pictures, china of great value, jewellery, silver, cabinets, ornamented tables, personal ornaments, relics of every kind, rich silks and brocades; each to be disposed of for a small part of their value. These, to a person desirous of furnishing his house, or of collecting pieces of *virtu*, offered a tempting sight; and even to one who looked at these various articles merely with the wish of possessing them, they presented a rich feast: but very different feelings were awakened in those who considered and reflected that all these fine valuables were only thrown into the market from necessity; that they contained the riches and the nomenclature of the most ancient families in Portugal, who, reduced to distress by the great political change which had taken place, were compelled to part with the collection of ages, that they might have it in their power to purchase themselves bread. You might occasionally observe the owners themselves, clad in poor apparel, wistfully watching the sale of some little article of their own, which might enable them to relieve their present necessities. And when one reflected that the same thing might one day or other happen to ourselves, one turned away with feelings of melancholy, pity, and regret."

Such are but a few of the horrors of civil contention. God help the people who are ex-

posed to it, either for family or faction, for despot, prince, or abstract principle.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*New Edition of Mitford's History of Greece, Vol. II.* (London, Cadell; Edinburgh, Blackwoods.)—The second volume continues this sterling republication in its cheap form. The sixth chapter contains a view of the eastern nations politically connected with Greece; and thence the history is conducted from the period of Darius of Persia to the conclusion of the Expedition of Xerxes. The western countries connected with Greece are then passed under notice, and the affairs of Greece herself brought down to the truce for thirty years between Athens and Lacedaemon, A.C. 445.

*Sermons, Doctrinal and Practical, Preached Abroad, by the Rev. R. W. Jelf, B.D. and Preceptor to Prince George of Cumberland.* 8vo. pp. 334. (London, Rivingtons; Hatchard; Oxford, Parker; Cambridge, Deighton; Stevenson.)—It is not only gratifying to read these Sermons with reference to their intrinsic merits, as highly honourable to the principles and ability of a member of the church of England, but, perhaps, still more interesting to consider them as coming from an individual to whom has been, in a great measure, deputed the important trust of forming the youthful mind of one of those princes, upon whose education so much of national and general good or evil is likely to depend. Suffice it for us to say, that, under the tuition of such a person as Mr. Jelf approves himself by his writings, we can look for nothing but auspicious and happy results. His volume is on these grounds more than doubly worth the public attention.

*Sir E. Dryden's Edition of Milton.* Vol. IV. (Macrone.)—With the interesting embellishments of a portrait of Milton, at the age of twenty-one, after Jansen, and a beautiful vignette of the Temptation on the Mountain, by Turner and Cousen, this volume contains the first four books of the *Paradise Regained*; and it is every way worthy of the series to which it belongs.

*A History of Halley's Comet, &c.* From the French of G. de Pontecoulant, by Colonel C. Gold. Pp. 44. (London, Parker.)—With a chart, showing the course of the stranger in the heavens, from Taurus through Ursa Major and the Northern Crown, and from August 20 to October 19, this little publication is just in the nick of time for all who are inquisitive about the Comet, and desirous to trace its path in the heavens. To all we recommend it, as a concise and lucid account of this interesting phenomenon.

*Boswell's Life of Johnson.* Vol. VII. (J. Murray.)—The Walls of Chester, engraved after a magnificent view by Stanfield, in which the reality of the ancient fortifications and the picturesque of the country landscape, are admirably blended, and a vignette representing Johnson and Boswell sitting in the room of the former in Bolt Court, are the characteristic embellishments of this volume, which continues the biography to the 71st year of the age of our "leviathan of literature." Approaching his being also a corporeal leviathan, we are informed by a recent writer, that Johnson, in personal appearance, bore much resemblance to a man well known upon the *pauc* of London, viz. old Bitton the boxer; and it is true that there is a likeness between the portraits and the pugilist.

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

INFLAMMABLE GAS.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,—I think you will agree with me in considering the following extract from Dr. Stukeley's journals worthy of being given to the public, as a very curious fact of the discovery and application of inflammable gas many years before it was publicly adopted. I have lately purchased a large collection of the doctor's papers, containing notices of his attendances at the Royal, Antiquarian, and Egyptian Societies—his travels in search of antiquities—his extensive correspondence—his autobiography, &c. from which I hope to have leisure and health to arrange some interesting portion for the press.

Yours, &c. J. BRITTON.

"8—June 1749—at the Royal Society.

"A very long and curious paper from a physician at Whitehaven to Sir James Lowther, confirming the *fire damp* in the coal pits there: it's brought in an iron pipe from the bottom of the mines, where it's generated continually, quite to the open air, and there vents its self in a constant pillar of fire, about half a yard in height, 5 inches diameter. The writer contrived to bring this inflam'd pipe across a road to some distance into his laboratory, and to employ it in chymical operations, building furnaces convenient for receiving it, and

moderating it to what degree of heat he pleases; he found this of extraordinary use, as well as curiosity for these purposes: and much better than common laboratory fires, by reason of its equable tenor, and that it required but little attendance; and with a quantity of bricks always ready, he could render the heat more intense at pleasure, and remit it again.

"The Dr. observes, with wonder, that this fine method has never been practised before, when there are so many opportunities of doing it in many parts of England, and abroad: he gives us a very laborious examination and observations upon this fire-damp and the generation of it, the variations in it, that sometimes it has its fits of remission and intenseness, which he finds to be owing to the changes in the gravity of the atmosphere; he has made very many observations about it, and can generally predict when it will be fatal or pernicious to the workmen in the coal works, and has by that means saved many of their lives.

"The coldest season that was ever known at this time of the year, the wind constantly at north-east, frosty every morning, now at summer solstice."

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

Fifth Meeting, Dublin: Journal.

No. IV.

RESUMING for the present our notice of subjects of popular interest, which were brought forward and discussed in the Sections of the Association, our first illustration relates to a curious inquiry into those minute creatures which are found to infest the animal system, and upon whose effects so much of health and even of life may depend. This important matter was brought forward in the Medical Section on Wednesday, and is thus reported in the *Dublin Medical and Chemical Journal*, which gives a very good account of the papers read, and the bearing of the discussions during the whole proceedings of this Section, which we have already stated to have been engaged on topics of much general interest.

"Dr. Harrison wished to direct the attention of the meeting to a peculiar species of entozoa, occasionally found in the voluntary muscles of the human subject. Here is an enlarged view (said Dr. Harrison) of the biceps of a human subject, and you may perceive that the body of the muscle is dotted all over with oval white specks. When examined with a microscope, these specks are found to consist of a semitransparent cyst of an elliptic form, in the interior of which a minute worm lies coiled up into spires. These specks are more distinct a few days after death than in the recent subject, in consequence of the cysts becoming more opaque. The worms have been frequently examined after being removed from the cysts, and have been found to move for several hours after the death of the individual. They are of a pyriform shape when taken out, and seem to have a kind of transverse opening at their larger extremity. I do not exactly know to what particular class of entozoa they are to be referred; the general opinion seems to be that they belong to a new class, of which the genus is not ascertained; but this is a matter which seems to require further investigation. I have never found them in any of the involuntary muscles: a few have been met with in the semi-involuntary, particularly along the margins of the diaphragm, and in the sphincter ani; but they are chiefly observed in the voluntary muscles, especially those of the loins and back. Out of six speci-

mens examined, I have not been able to detect any of them in the heart or the muscular tunics of the intestines. They occur in the limbs, but less frequently than in the back and loins; I have seen a greater number of them in the latter situation than in any other. In the liver of the same subject from which this drawing of the biceps was taken, I found a large cyst containing hydatids; and I mention this fact, as shewing the same disposition in the individual to the formation of *viventia intra viventia*. I have in addition to state, that I have never observed these entozoa except in emaciated individuals of an apparently scrofulous habit. In three of the six persons examined, there was tubercular disease of the lungs, in the rest there were manifest signs of previous scrofulous ulceration. Dr. Harrison said he mentioned these facts in connexion with what had been stated by Dr. Houston. He had not examined that state of the muscles in the hog to which the name of measles was popularly given, but thought it probable that this state might depend on a cause somewhat analogous, namely, the development of entozoa. Mr. Crampton (who had taken the chair in place of Dr. Prichard) said, that any gentlemen having facts illustrative of the subject of Dr. Harrison's paper, was at liberty to state them to the meeting. Dr. Roe of Cavan said, that he was called some time back to visit the daughter of a farmer residing at Drum, in the county Cavan; the girl had been attacked several days previously with inflammation of the thigh, and, at the time of his arrival, was labouring under severe symptomatic fever with delirium. The thigh was tense, red, and shining, enlarged to nearly twice its natural size, and extremely painful. No cause could be assigned for the disease, and he was informed that, until the occurrence of the present attack, she had always enjoyed excellent health. Having ascertained the existence of a collection of matter under the fascia, he made an incision, and evacuated a bowlful of pus, mixed with what he considered to be clots of blood. His attention was not directed to the contents of the abscess at that time; besides, the room was dark, and he was anxious to give vent to the pus as quickly as possible, as the patient was extremely restless. On emptying the matter from the bowl on a clean flag outside the door, the girl's mother was surprised to find among it a leech coiled up, quite alive and moving actively. She immediately brought the leech to me, and it continued to live for several days afterwards. On inquiring minutely into the history of the case, I found that some days before she first complained of the limb, she had been gathering water-cresses in a ditch and had felt hurt in or about the ankle of the inflamed limb, but did not pay much attention to it at the time. On examining the ankle I found a triangular cicatrix such as that which might be produced by a leech-bite. This fact would seem to prove that such animals can enter, burrow in, and preserve their vitality in the soft parts of the human body. A member asked whether Dr. Roe meant to state that the leech had entered in the manner supposed? Dr. Roe stated that he did not know any other way in which it could enter. The animal in question was what is called the horse-leech, and which is generally found in ditches and standing pools. The chairman stated, that some time since several of the deer at the Phoenix-park had manifested symptoms of delirium, in consequence of which it was found necessary to shoot them. On opening six of these animals, he had found the trachea in every case filled with worms. The

mucous membrane was so thickly covered with them, and they lay so closely together, that at first sight it would be difficult to recognise them; but when the trachea was placed in water, they became loose, and could be easily distinguished. They were pendulous in the trachea, and attached by the head, which bore some resemblance to that of a leech. Several of these worms continued to live for more than three minutes after being detached from their nidus. In answer to a question from a member, Mr. Crampton said that the deer were quite delirious, and ran wildly about the park, knocking their heads against the trees. He had examined the brain, but had not been able to find any thing in it to explain the symptoms. Mr. Dick stated that he had recently discovered a small worm attached to the mucous coat of the intestines in the horse, of which he would be happy to exhibit a specimen to any gentleman desirous of seeing it. It was about three-eighths of an inch in length, and lay with its tail coiled up, in the mucus of the intestine, forming a small protuberance about the size of a mustard-seed. Dr. Jacob mentioned a very interesting fact which he had lately ascertained. He had, at the suggestion of Dr. Marsh (who supplied him with a number of fowl for the purpose), dissected a great many chickens labouring under the disease termed 'pip,' and had discovered that it was owing to the presence of worms in the trachea. Dr. Corrigan said that he had found in the lung of a rabbit a worm of the same kind as that noticed by Mr. Crampton in the trachea of the deer. Dr. Houston remarked that the occurrence of these parasitic animals, even in great numbers, should not lead to the conclusion that they had been the cause of death, as many persons were inclined to think. He had been frequently surprised to find the vast quantities of worms which are to be met with in animals at all periods of their existence, without producing any remarkable inconvenience."

The same authority affords us further particulars of the case upon the production of which we felt it to be our duty to animadvert (see *L. G.* 970, p. 536), as one of at least indecent haste and publicity: we allude to that which called for the exhibition of a part of the skeleton of poor Charles Mathews.

Mr. Snow Harris is represented to have said "Sir A. Cooper, and many other eminent men, had doubted the possibility of union taking place in fracture of the neck of the thigh-bone, within the capsular ligament. A case had lately fallen under his notice, which he thought would tend to set the question at rest; it was that of a gentleman who had received an injury, by being thrown from his gig several years before. He had got up and walked immediately after the fall, but continued lame from that period to the time of his death. He had been attended by some of the most celebrated surgeons in London; but they had not been able to determine whether there was fracture of the bone or not, but kept him lying on a sofa for nearly twelve months. The injured limb was shortened, the foot everted, the thigh wasted, and, owing to the constant inclination of the body forwards on one side, curvature of the spine took place. Some time ago the gentleman died, and Mr. Harris, being anxious to examine the parts, removed the acetabulum and a portion of the thigh-bone, which he should feel much gratification in exhibiting to the meeting. He had found the trochanter higher up than natural, and the neck of the bone shortened. Lymph was thrown out on the head of the bone and about the ligaments

of the joint. Mr. Harris here exhibited the bone. He said that a section of it shewed plainly the line of osseous union all throughout. Mr. Adams was much inclined to doubt whether this could be regarded as a specimen of bony union after fracture of the neck of the thigh-bone within the capsule. From a careful inspection of the head of the thigh-bone and the filling up of the acetabulum, he would rather pronounce it a case of that form of disease which had been described by Mr. Smith as *morbus coxæ senilis*. Dr. McDowell was of a similar opinion. Looking at the preparation, which required a very careful examination, there were two circumstances observable in it which favoured this conclusion—the filling up of the acetabulum, and the appearance of porcelaneous deposit. *Morbus coxæ senilis* frequently appeared in persons of a gouty or rheumatic diathesis, as early as the fortieth year, the period at which the accident was said to have happened to the patient in this case. Dr. Granville remarked that, while in Germany, he had an opportunity of examining the anatomical museum of Meckel, which contained a vast number of specimens of this kind, and that that celebrated anatomist had pointed out to him the mode in which persons might be deceived, by taking the zigzag lines of ossification for the line of an united fracture. He had also noticed the occurrence of porcelaneous deposits. Had it not been for the accident the gentleman met with, he would be disposed to reject altogether the idea of fracture. Mr. Colles said, that if the bone exhibited was a specimen of fracture, it differed from all the cases of fracture he had seen. He would suggest that more than one section of the bone would be necessary to ascertain the condition of the outer table with more accuracy. After some further discussion, it was proposed by Mr. Harrison, that a committee be appointed to examine into the state of the case, and make such sections of the bone as would enable them to give a decided opinion as to whether it was a case of united fracture or not.\*

Upon this painful subject we have little wish to add any thing to our preceding remarks. We do not think that science either called for or justifies this act; and the making a melancholy fragment of the individual who was the source of so many merry and laughing hours, a posthumous and continual object of curiosity, is, to our minds, eminently reprehensible and revolting. Medical men are bound to respect even the weaknesses and prejudices (if they so consider them) of human nature; and we trust that these bones will soon be committed to a sacred repository, and allowed to rest where the weary are no longer troubled, and the only offence which can be given in regard to their remains is that of offending public sentiment and outraging private feelings.

This topic seems to connect itself with that other example of meddling with the relics of the dead which we have also already noticed with reprehension (see same *L. G.* pp. 536, 7). That the alteration in the vaults of St. Patrick's Cathedral afforded an opportunity to the dean of allowing the skulls of Swift and Stella to be submitted to phrenological inspection, without absolutely invading and profaning the tomb for that purpose, may be so far an apology for the act and the use made of it; but we believe that few persons, except they happen to be devoted phrenologists, will think the measure altogether justified by the end proposed. That the examination of Swift's cranium furnished results the most opposite to what was expected

from his known character, and put phrenology to the severest test, by forcing it to account for the absolute want of the organ of wit in the author of *Gulliver* and all those works in which wit and fancy prevailed to an almost unparalleled extent, was a just, if not an adequate retribution. And this brings us once more to the

#### PHRENOLOGICAL MEETING, Sackville Street, Monday Evening.

This meeting was numerously attended, by ladies as well as the other sex. Dr. Harrison, we believe, in the chair.

The skulls of Swift and Stella were on the table;\* and there were also a bust of the former, and an engraved portrait or two, to shew (what did not exist) a resemblance between the skull and the works of art which were handed down as representing the individual. In the latter the forms were oval, and the forehead high; in the former the forehead was extremely low and depressed, inasmuch as the leading authority on such points, Mr. Combe, declared, when first exhibited to him, that if it had been the cranium of a common man, he would have said that he would be hanged. Of course there is a difference between common and uncommon men in the developments of phrenology!

It is unnecessary for us to detail the various speeches made on this occasion, all of which tended to exalt the favourite science of the assembly and its leaders. In substance they tended to account for the variation in Swift's skull from what must have been anticipated, by the circumstances of his ill health in later life, and that lamentable state of idiocy which clouded the last twelve or fourteen years of his existence. The absence of the organ of wit, and the thickness of the bone where it ought to have been, was attributed to disease; and it was maintained to be a gross absurdity to think of measuring a man's healthy faculties by the condition of his head, after he had suffered from physical illness or mental affection. On this point it was asserted that the skull would alter to a prodigious extent, enlarging or diminishing, rising or falling, even nearly an inch (of which instances were mentioned) in its proportions. The remarkable depression of Swift's forehead was thus endeavoured to be explained away,† and seemed to be so to the entire satisfaction of the auditors. Towards the close of the proceedings another and rather a new view of phrenology was introduced by no less an authority than Sir John Ross, who has indeed played the part of almost an Admirable Crichton at this Dublin meeting, first, by his theory of the Aurora; secondly, by his contrivances for Measuring the Wind; and thirdly, by his last attempt in illustrating the science in question.

A gentleman in the room addressed the chair, and said that in a conversation he had that morning with an illustrious individual, he

\* Several of Stella's teeth remained in good preservation; the dean was quite chop-fallen, and the sockets vacant.

† Such astonishing changes, as the story goes, were wittily ridiculed by one of the most learned and eminent of the professors who has shone in this Association. Finding himself in a company where, at any rate, the females were staunch phrenologists, he did not think it wise to resist their attempts at his conversion by reasoning. On the contrary, he entirely agreed with them; and as an instance of the truth and accuracy of their assertions respecting the accommodating powers of the skull, mentioned Professor ———, who, when he began his lectures, was calm, placid, and with organs not supernaturally developed; but when he warmed with his subject, and began to pour forth the enthusiastic eloquence with which it inspired him, so rapidly affected the growth of his cranium in appropriate directions, that he could with great difficulty keep his wig upon his head!!

had received more distinct information on phrenology than he had hitherto acquired by all his reading and study. The individual, he added, was present, and he was sure, if called upon by the meeting, he would have no objection to expound his views for their edification. He alluded to Sir John Ross.

Sir John, being loudly acclaimed, was ushered into the chair; and, in a speech of some length, repeated the intelligence which had so largely enlightened his friend, and which was vehemently cheered by the meeting. He mentioned his opinion that the Christian religion could not have a more powerful ally than the science of phrenology; and he declared that he had been a zealous phrenologist for fifty years. But as undoubted proofs of the great and beneficial effects which might be produced by attending to its precepts were far preferable to any theoretical doctrines, he would describe some instances in which, acting upon its principles, he had been rewarded by the most happy results. The first case he should mention was that of a boy whose father and mother were hanged. This child was entrusted to the charge of a woman, who treated him with much severity; and the consequences were the development of the worst passions, obstinacy, falsehood, cruelty, &c. &c. He, Sir John, heard of this, and made the woman change her course to one of leniency and indulgence; and the issue was, that the boy, instead of being a disgrace, and probably hanged, like his parents, turned out to be an ornament to society! (Applause.) The other instance he should relate was still more extraordinary, but it demonstrated what could be done if the principles of phrenology were systematically acted upon; and it would be well if they were in all the engagements of life, such as hiring servants, selecting ships' companies, &c. &c. A married couple, with whom he was acquainted, differed so essentially, that they had separated by mutual consent. He thought this a pity, and interfered between them. He examined them and the matter phrenologically, and upon its suggestions he so conducted the arrangement, that he united them again happily together; a thing which could not have taken place without phrenology. (Great applause.)

Need we offer any observations upon these startling and appalling proofs of the efficacy of Phrenology, or upon the superior intellect of the assembly by which they were hailed and adopted with shouts of approbation?

In the way of business, the chief feature of the meeting was the agreement to a resolution, regularly moved and seconded, to hold an annual Phrenological Section on the Monday ensuing the close of the week allotted to the British Association. In doing this, they disclaimed any intention of pinning themselves to the skirts of that Institution; but deemed it convenient to take the opportunity of meeting when and where so many phrenologists were collected together. When the physical sciences had enjoyed their six days, it was not too much that a higher metaphysical branch should appropriate one day to its union and cultivation. We presume, accordingly, that there will hereafter be meetings of phrenologists immediately succeeding the meetings of the Association; but we are inclined to believe that the Association will not love the propinquity or affinity. In conclusion, we must observe that the phrenologists encounter all the objections to them, all difficulties, and even all ridicule, with a degree of candour and good humour which does them great honour, and would do credit to the most elevated philosophy that ever was brouched.



We shall this week content ourselves with the foregoing, and reserve some interesting papers for future *Gazettes*.\*

#### BOGUSLAWSKI'S COMET.

M. VON BOGUSLAWSKI, at Breslaw, announces that the comet, discovered by him, was observed at the same time by himself and by Professors Encke, in Berlin; Peterson, in Altona; Bessel, in Königsberg; and Counsellor Nicolai, at Mannheim, between the 20th of April and the 20th of May. The result of their observations is, that of one hundred and forty comets, the orbits of which have been calculated, only two are at a greater distance from the sun when in the perihelion. At the time of its being discovered, the comet was about 23 millions of miles† from the earth, and on the 20th of May about 37 millions. It may not be 65 millions of miles distant from us, but in January the earth will approach it within about 60 millions of miles. It is calculated that the comet can never come nearer to the earth than 21½ millions of miles: its least distance from the sun is 42½ millions of miles. The period of its revolution cannot be determined from the observations that have been hitherto made. M. Boguslawski further begs to draw attention to the fact, that there is at present in the sun's disk, in a large nearly circular concavity, a group of remarkable spots: the upper circumference of this concavity is about 13,000 geographical miles in diameter, or more than a fourth of the distance of the moon from the earth.

*Halley's Comet* was seen on the 24th ultimo at Leyden, by Professor Kaisen.

#### PINE ARTS.

*Parliamentary Inquiry into the State of the Fine Arts, &c.*

Letter III.

MY DEAR SIR,—The inquiry into the effects of museums is equally pleasing and important; even under indifferent management they appear to have done good, and with proper management they would be capable of very extensive advantages to the commerce and well-being of the nation. It has been repeatedly suggested that every principal town in the empire should have an establishment of the kind, to serve as a general lounge, where even the hours of relaxation and amusement would powerfully conduce to the formation of an improved taste, and a higher aggregate of national intelligence. Several witnesses have gone further than merely to point out general advantages; they aim at rendering such institutions more national and effective, by making them practically useful to the daily avocations of the public. For this purpose, it is recommended that the several museums all over the country be placed under local elective management, but amenable to a supreme board in the metropolis, with which a regular correspondence should be maintained; that each establishment be furnished with a sufficient collection of casts from statues, reliefs, vases, and other objects of unrivalled merit; that beyond this, the collection consist principally of such specimens as the local managers shall, with the approbation of the general board, consider most likely to promote the improvement and best interests of the district. It is hoped that this plan would se-

cure a wholesome variety, whilst it sufficiently prevented the effects of ignorance and individual influence. It is evident, that if every museum contained nothing but casts or duplicates of the same objects, the interests of the people would soon become torpid; but it may be hoped that the variety here aimed at would, by attracting the notice of travellers, distinguished for taste and knowledge, afford a perpetually renewed stimulus, and the best corrector of local prejudice. It is also recommended that none be appointed directors of the museums but men capable of lecturing on its objects, and explaining the practical utility thereof. The success of this must of course depend on the propriety of the election to the office, and, therefore, public examinations, similar to those of professors of medicine and surgery in France, are referred to as highly satisfactory. The example of our neighbours may, of course, diminish the necessity of experiments with us; although I should advise a close scrutiny of the parallel circumstances, if the case were not founded on a general principle that can hardly admit of a doubt. The arrangement of museums is a subject of great importance, which has not been entirely overlooked. Up to the present period it has too much depended on the caprice of directors, who had little reason to consider the improvement of the great majority of the public, or to the fancy of princes who had no opportunities of ascertaining the deficiencies and the wants of the working classes; but as the object now in view is to render them conducive to the improvement, both in knowledge and taste, of all classes, it is hoped that the directors and others entrusted with the arrangement, will study the advantages of historical succession, of national character, and of immediate contrast, so that the effects of circumstance, of climate, &c. may be evident, and render the study of facts and causes equally amusing and useful.

Since our neighbours on the Continent are so frequently referred to, I shall add, that among their many institutions few have been so effective as the occasional exhibition of the products of French manufactures, that permanent museum of machinery, that of French monuments, and the Botanic Garden.

I am, &c. AN ARTIST.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Portuguese Scenery*, with Illustrative Notes, by Joseph James Forrester, Part. I. Dickinson.

THE first part of a publication which, it is stated, will probably extend to twelve parts, each containing four lithographic views, neatly executed by Mr. Childe. There is nothing, however, in those which constitute the present part, and which relate to Oporto, that is peculiarly striking or characteristic. Mr. Forrester relates the following affecting incident as having occurred on the 29th of September, 1832; during the great attack on the lines of Oporto:—

"A Polish soldier of the French battalion, who had bravely stood his ground, and desperately fought to maintain the position his company occupied, was mortally wounded at the moment of victory. He fell—and, in the agonies of death beckoning one of his comrades to approach, the dying veteran drew a packet from his breast, and with difficulty faltered,—'Take this: 'tis the earth of my poor unhappy country, the soil which gave me birth; let one half be sprinkled over my grave, and the other given to my only child, as the dearest legacy his father can bequeath him.' He uttered one sigh, and expired."

*The Rev. Charles Gutzlaff; the Chinese Missionary, in the dress of a Fokien Sailor.* Painted by G. Chinnery at Canton; drawn on stone by R. J. Lane, A.R.A. Colnaghi and Co. Cockspur Street.

AN exceeding characteristic whole length portrait; highly creditable to the talent and taste of the two able artists by whom it has been produced. We do not recollect to have ever before seen a small head in lithography with so much individuality of expression, and so exquisitely finished.

*Shakspeare*; engraved by E. Scriven, from the picture in the possession of the Duke of Buckingham, at Stowe. C. Knight.

A BEAUTIFUL specimen of stipple engraving.

*General Sir Henry Fane, G.C.B., Commander in Chief in India.* Painted by Jagger; engraved by R. M. Hodgetts. Graves, Cockspur Street.

WE have no doubt a strong resemblance of the gallant and distinguished original; but we cannot say any thing more in its praise.

*Caricatures.*—H. B. continues to be as prolific and as entertaining as ever, though his latest productions are Nos. 408, 9, 10, and 11. The first is one of the cleverest and most ludicrous of the whole series. It is entitled, "*Sedan to Vaux-hall*;" and represents Lord John Russell seated on Lord Melbourne's lap, in a sedan-chair, carried by Brougham and O'Connell. Brougham, leaning back, expresses a hope that their Honours won't forget this tough work; to which Dan replies, that they ought to be grateful, as they are "entirely dependant" upon them, and might be trundled into the dirt at once if their supporters liked. The expression of the four faces is excellent, and the attitudes of the chairmen perfect. The next is a superb single figure, "*A remarkable Tailor of the 19th Century*;" a likeness, we believe, of Major Macnamara, member for Clare. The tail of his coat justifies the title. The third is "*The Half-way House*;" and replete with character and humour. John Bull, in his buggy, is requested by Lord J. Russell, as tapster, to stop at the sign of the Bedford Arms, with the motto *Che sara sara* (What will be will be); but O'Connell and Hume, much resembling highwaymen, are pressing the honest farmer to go on far beyond the "*Half-way House*;" while the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Wichelea, on steeds behind, are cutting the connexion, since John has taken up with such low fellows. The last of the four is "*The Machine*." Lord J. Russell is exploding the infernal battery, under the mischievous direction of O'Connell, while Brougham is making a shadowy retreat, on seeing that some of the barrels have burst and recoiled on their inventors, instead of doing the intended work of destruction. The machine is charged with the Municipal Corporation Bill: Sir F. Palgrave and Mr. Hogg are blown up barrels, and Lord John is getting a confounded thump on the eye from a broken fragment. This may, therefore, be literally, as well as graphically and wittily called a *hit*.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

DR. McCULLOCH.

WE have to record the melancholy death of this well-known geologist and literary character (whose work on Scotland excited as great a ferment a few years since as did Dr. Johnson's travels in elder times), at Penzance on Thursday fortnight. Dr. M. had very recently married, and was on a country excursion when the

\* Erratum.—In our last the name of Portland was misprinted for Putland, as the giver of the splendid *déjeuner* to the members of the British Association, &c. on the Monday after their scientific labours concluded.

† The original being in German, we must assume that German miles (1=4 English) are meant.

fatal accident happened which deprived him of life. Driving in a small four-wheeled poney-chaise to call on Capt. Giddy, about a mile or two from Penzance, he passed the house only a dozen of yards into a narrow lane, where, learning his mistake, he endeavoured to turn his carriage in order to retrace his course. Unfortunately, the wheels locked together, and, leaning over to extricate them, he lost his balance, and fell with his leg between the spokes. The horse, being frightened, set off at full speed down a hill, and dragged him along, lacerating his limb in a shocking manner. He was at last taken up, insensible, and carried to Captain Giddy's, where he objected to amputation, as he said he was sure he could not survive the operation. On the following day, however, a surgeon having been brought from Truro, he consented to have the limb, fractured in two places, taken off; but, as it was feared, mortification had already proceeded too far, and he speedily rested from all his severe sufferings in the sleep of death. Dr. McCulloch was above sixty years of age, and devoted to literary pursuits. He was said to be the concoctor of Sir John Ross's volume, from the memoranda of that navigator; who, it was also surmised, was indebted to him for other literary services. His own works are of considerable scientific value and importance; though liable to be impugned for the spirit in which some parts of them are penned. To Scotland, and its Highlands in particular, he gave great offence; and no doubt his exaggeration of many circumstances justly exposed him to censure.

**T. J. Mathias, Esq.**—The celebrated author of the "Pursuits of Literature" (1794 *et seq.*) died recently in Italy, where he had long resided. Mr. Mathias was educated at Eton, and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took the degrees of B.A. sixty-one years ago, and M.A. about 1776. In the Chatterton controversy he took the side of Rowley, and insisted on the authenticity of the poems ascribed to him. He was the author of many works, such as "Runic Odes;" the "Epistle of Kien Long to Geo. III." in 1794; "English and Latin Odes;" "Commentarij all'Istoria della Poesia Italiana per Crescimbeni," 3 vols. 12mo; "Tiraboschi Storia," 3 vols.; "Translation of Mason and Milton's *Licidas* into Italian;" and several other Italian volumes; edition of the "Works of Gray, with his Life," 2 vols. 4to. 1814; and many other elegant and classical productions. Mr. Mathias was a Royal Associate of the Royal Society of Literature, and during the last years frequently corresponded with that Institution and its members.

**The Rev. Dr. Thomas McCrie**, the author of the "Life of John Knox," and other biographies of very great merit, died at Edinburgh on the 5th ultimo, aged 63. A brief, but interesting, sketch of his own life is contained in the last No. of *Blackwood's Magazine*. It may be worth mentioning, as an original literary anecdote, that an authentic copy of John Knox's letter to Queen Elizabeth, respecting which a rumour existed, which Dr. McCrie could not trace to any certainty, is to be found in the State Paper Office, and is one of the most remarkable documents of that or any other age.

**Pigault Lebrun**.—The celebrated French novelist, and one in whom the comic fire burnt most vigorously, is stated in the Paris journals to have died at the advanced age of 83. What a contrast are his writings to the horrors which have succeeded them?

## MUSIC.

**Stanza di più Combattere.** Par Sr. Marliani; for the Piano by Mad. Bonnias. Dean. We like the arrangement of this beautiful air much. Madame Bonnias has made, with variations and an elegant introduction, a charming piano-forte piece of it for our young friends.

**Josephine to Napoleon.** Mrs. Onslow. Mori and Lavenue.

As pretty a trifle as we could recommend to the lovers of sentimental ballad.

**O Come to the Wave.** The Same. MORE common-place, and not nearly so much to our taste as the preceding.

DRAMA.  
HAYMARKET.

**A WONDER**, in the present state of the stage, was produced here on Saturday, namely, a successful five-act comedy, entitled *Hints for Husbands*. The entire plot turns upon intrigues, &c.; and, though very clever, it is not very delicate; and we think it a pity that Mr. Beazly should have used abilities of a high order on so unpromising a subject. The various parts were well sustained by Farren, Warde, Brindal, Vining, Webster, Misses Taylor, Turpin, Faucit, and Mrs. Faucit. Warde spoke the prologue, and Miss Taylor the epilogue, admirably; and if the piece were reduced to three acts, purged of the double-entendres and *hints*, which are far too broad to be acceptable to modest ears, we have no doubt it would be a favourite. Kept-mistresses and common-place seductions are too low and vulgar even for the stage.

## VARIETIES.

**Euphratic Expedition.**—The *Times*' private correspondent from Constantinople, in yesterday's paper, states that Colonel Chesney, at Bir, anticipating, perhaps, some obstacles from the independent Arab tribes, through whose neighbourhood the expedition had now to proceed, had requested our consul at Aleppo, Mr. Nathaniel Werry, to precede him, and conciliate their good-will by explanations and presents. It is added that Mr. Werry had consented, on being accompanied by one of Colonel Chesney's officers; and that Mr. Wood, one of the interpreters to the British embassy at Constantinople, and well acquainted with the Arab dialects, had sailed thence on the 10th of August, in Captain Lyon's yacht, *Mischief*, in order to assist in this mission.

**River Amazon.**—Lieutenant Smyth and Mr. Lowe have accomplished a voyage down the Amazon, and arrived safely in this country. Failing to pass by the Ucayali into that river, the travellers dropped into the Huallaga, and reached its debouchement without obstruction. —*Nautical Magazine*.

**Curious Custom.**—The natives of South America (Bay of Good Success, north of Cape Horn,) have a remarkable custom of tying a piece of hide round the middle of the left foot, very tight, and constantly worn. The consequence is that their feet are of different sizes; the right foot large and the left small.—*Mr. Goodlet; Notes in Nautical Magazine*.

**The Eagle: Aërial Ship.**—We have seen so much achieved by the ingenuity of man (witness for us steam and gas), that we are never willing to decry any attempt at discovery or improvement, however marvellous or unlikely of success. We love, indeed, to see even

the wildest experiments tried; and until a fixed bound is set to the further progress of science, we shall continue to hope for new elements, and, as yet undreamed-of achievements in the advancement of human knowledge, and its application to great and useful purposes. In this spirit we examined the aërial ship exhibited at Kensington, described the apparatus to our readers, and gave our opinion that it could not accomplish what its inventors professed. It has, nevertheless, flown, though in another way, viz. instead of its own wings and paddles, on the backs of sheriffs' officers and their moving followers. The aërial ship before their pestilential breaths has dissolved into thin air, and is no longer known in the place where once it was. Moonshine witnessed the flitting; and so ended this matter of moonshine.

**Earthquake.**—On Thursday week the shock of an earthquake was distinctly felt in Lancashire. The *Preston Pilot* says that it lasted half a minute, and caused the bells to ring in the residence of the Rev. Mr. Clay, at the Cliff.

**Shakespeare.**—His Majesty has, it is stated in the newspapers, given 50*l.* towards the restoration of the tomb of Shakespeare, in Stratford Church.

**Vitrified Walls.**—The *Kelso Mail* of last week contains an interesting account of the discovery of vitrified walls, such as are commonly called vitrified forts, on the Blackhill, Cowdenknows, Berwickshire. The specimens of vitrification are stated to be very perfect, though the fact of the existence of this remarkable antiquity has never before been surmised. The writer who describes it argues for its being a fire temple for the worship of Baal or the Sun.

**Mining.**—A new weekly paper started on Saturday, which is called *The Mining Journal*. The opening article does not seem to be written by an experienced writer, but rather by a practical man, whose periods (from want of practice) are not altogether clear and explicit. There is, however, a good deal of mining intelligence in the sheet; and we know no particular branch of industry and commerce which more requires an able public exposition than the concerns of miners and mining of every description. If well done, any periodical on these subjects ought to succeed.

**Lambeth.**—It is proposed to establish a Literary and Scientific Institution in Lambeth, combining the usual advantages of a library and reading-room, with newspapers and periodicals; classes for the study of languages, &c.; lectures on the various branches of science and art.

**Institute of British Architects.**—A deputation of the council, with the president, Earl de Grey, at their head, have waited upon Lord Melbourne to solicit that apartments might be assigned for their use in some public building; to which the premier replied that the proposition should receive every consideration from government.

**Wickliffe.**—The inhabitants of Lutterworth, where this great reformer lived and died, have, even at this distant date, entered into a subscription to erect a monument to his memory in the chancel of their church. Three hundred pounds, about half the amount required, have already been subscribed.

**St. Saviour's Church, Southwark.**—The committee, under whose auspices so much has been done to restore and preserve the most interesting portions of this venerable building, have applied for a grant of money from government to enable them to complete their task, by restoring the whole fabric to its pristine state.

This, we trust, will be granted; for a more national object can hardly be brought forward: and the improvements already made, at the expense of 30,000*l.* to the parish, and 5000*l.* of voluntary subscription (chiefly through the zealous exertions of Mr. Saunders), constitute an ornament to the metropolis of the most striking and gratifying order.

The third session of the scientific congress of France will open at Donay 6th Sept. Among the distinguished foreigners who have promised to attend, the following are mentioned:—the Marquis de Dours, Lord Mansfield, Lord Brougham, Mr. Wakefield, the Prince and Princess de Salm. It is expected that this meeting will be much more numerous than that of last year at Poitiers, attended by 210 members.—*Paris Advertiser.*

*Something novel in the way of Amusement!*—An interesting experiment, representing the Whale fishery, will take place this day, Sunday the 23d, at four o'clock, at St. Ouen, near the *barrière de Clichy*. Boats will navigate in the Gare, as if in search of the whale. This monster will appear spouting water. The boats will pursue it, taking precautions to avoid the dashing of its tail. After appearing and disappearing, the harpooners will surround and attack it, and upon its plunging the water will appear reddened with blood. Upon its rising, the sea-monster will make an effort, and its back opening, will present a Genius of the Waters, whom the fishermen will conduct, with martial music, to a rock, behind which they will disappear. An orchestra will perform.—*Ibid.*

The Italian Opera opens on the 1st October. Judging from the company already engaged, consisting of Tamburini, Rubini, Lablache, Ivanhoff, Santini, Mdle. Grisi, Mesdames Rainbaux and Albertazi, hopes may be entertained of a season as brilliant as the last.—*Ibid.*

### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Treatise on the Arts, Manufactures, Manners, and Institutions of the Greeks and Romans, in 2 vols. Vol. II. (forming Vol. LXX. of Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia), 12mo. 6s. cloth.—*Boylston*; with other Poems and Translations, by C. A. Don, 8vo. 12s. 6d.—*Evolution*; or, the Power and Operation of Numbers, by Thos. Smith, 8vo. 5s. 6d.—*Smith's* Chairman and Speaker, 48mo. 1s. cloth.—*Complete System of Mental Arithmetic*, by J. Ferguson, 18mo. 1s. cloth.—*Theory and Solution of Algebraical Equations*, by Professor Young, 12mo. 9s. cloth.—*Memoirs of the Rev. G. T. Bedell, D.D. of Philadelphia*, by S. H. Tyng, 8vo. 7s. 6d. cloth.—*The Elements of Algebra*, by A. de Morgan, royal 12mo. 9s. cloth.—*Life of Admiral Viscount Exmouth*, by Edward Osler, Esq. 8vo. 14s. cloth.—*Graphics: a Manual of Drawing and Writing*, by R. Peale, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cloth.—*Tales that might be true*, 18mo. 2s. 6d. half-bound.—*Sabbath Recreations*, edited by Miss Emily Taylor, 18mo. 3d. edition, 5s. 6d.—*Eternal Life: the Revelation of the Book of Moses*, by the Rev. James Eillice, M.A. 12mo. 4s. 6d. cloth.—*Some Account of the Writings and Opinions of Clement of Alexandria*, by John, Bishop of Lincoln, 8vo. 12s. 6d.—*Sermons, Doctrinal and Practical, preached Abroad*, by the Rev. R. W. Jeff, B.D. 8vo. 9s. 6d. bds.—*A Manual of Ancient Geography*, by the Rev. Wm. Hildyard, A.M. 12mo. 2s. 6d. cloth.—*Practical Introduction to English Composition*, by the Rev. T. Edwards, M.A. 12mo. 2s. 6d. cloth.—*The Military Pastor*; a Series of Practical Discourses addressed to Soldiers, by J. P. Lawson, M.A. 8vo. 5s. 6d. bds.—*The Concordance of the New Testament*, by G. K. Hannay. 32mo. 2s. sewed.

### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1835.

August.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday.. 30	From 55 to 80	29.94 to 29.77
Friday.... 31	.... 53 .. 80	29.93 .. 29.55
Saturday.. 22	.... 58 .. 77	29.55 .. 29.61
Sunday.... 23	.... 52 .. 73	29.68 .. 29.72
Monday... 24	.... 58 .. 73	29.68 .. 29.53
Tuesday... 25	.... 48 .. 69	29.53 .. 29.30
Wednesday 26	.... 51 .. 63	29.61 .. 29.62

Prevailing winds, S.E. and S.W., till the 24th; on the 25th and 26th, N.W. Weather more generally overcast

than during the past six weeks; some lightning on the evenings of the 26th and 27th. A few drops of rain on the mornings of the 23d and 24th; and on the afternoon of the 25th a measurable quantity of rain fell for the first time since the 7th inst. amounting to .15 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.  
Latitude ..... 51° 37' 32" N.  
Longitude .... 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Fiat Justitia.*—A Correspondent, appealing to the alternative principle on which the *Literary Gazette* has been and is conducted, namely, besides encouraging what is meritorious and leaning lightly on what is harmless, deeming it an equal duty to point out what is censurable and condemn what is injurious, has communicated the following criticism on the *Campo Vaccino* now exhibiting at the Diorama, which he considers to be one of the censurable class of works, from its failing to afford an artist-like or sufficient idea of the glorious ruins of that impressive scene. "They are," he says, "vulgarily drawn and coldly coloured objects, which make up the lifeless scene produced as the surviving wreck of Roman magnificence. Has that cloudy, chilly sky aught congenial with our ideas of Italian sunshine? Does that dingily coloured ponderous mass to the left, called the Arch of Severus, possess any attractions here beyond those of mere antiquarian interest? Is the glow and variety of tint which, in the original, animate the group of buildings to the right realised by those leaden-looking columns of the Temple of Concord, backed by a still more crudely coloured building? Is that raw green grass in the foreground, recalling to mind the fens of Lincolnshire, at all characteristic of this Italian scene? Do those clumsily drawn columns in the distance to the left, over which is seen towering a thing so lumbering as to defy the supposition that it is a building, give any, nay, the slightest, notion of the actual state of that superlatively beautiful structure, the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina? Does that crude and slaty hue which pervades, with its chilling influence, the whole scene, agree with our preconceived ideas of the warm brilliancy of an Italian atmosphere? No, sir, this piece of work is a libel upon the hallowed scene it would represent; it is a prostitution of art at the shrine of Mammon, and ought not to be tolerated by a public, which, though perhaps not quite so severe in matters of taste as their more lively neighbours, possess still a sufficiently well-cultivated understanding to entitle them to the respect of those who seek encouragement at their hands. Though last-mentioned, yet not the least revolting part of the performance, are those wretched representations of architectural fragments thrown in the foreground to add interest to the view; these of themselves are sufficient as a key to the whole performance; they are in the *worst*, instead of the *best*, style of ornament, compositions unworthy a drudging scene-painter at their hands. The temerity must be great of that artist who can produce such a work as this in London, where the opportunity of consulting a richly stored museum affords such ample means of detecting the coarseness of the performance. It is in the power of all to convince themselves of the truth of this part of my statement, by inspecting, on any public day at the British Museum, the rich collection of Roman antiquities, once in the possession of Sir T. Lawrence, which is composed of casts from the principal fragments now to be seen about Rome, or gracing its museums; and, by comparing these objects themselves, or their style, with those vulgar things given in the view of the Campo Vaccino, as specimens of taste of the Augustan age."

*The Actor.*—After speaking of the sculptor's, poet's, and painter's lasting fame in equal verse, our Correspondent says:—

"Not so the actor—he  
Expend his life's puny breath  
Awhile, and then his name must be  
Consign'd to endless death."

The gestic tenant of the stage  
Is razed at for a time,  
As a strange-form'd beast in a grated cage,  
That comes from a foreign clime.

When he has moved his last quick pace,  
And deliver'd his last oration,  
And those of his age have given place  
To another and strange generation;

When those that saw him are dead,  
And those that heard him are gone,  
Then the actor's fame—it is sped,  
And his name—it is left forlorn.

Thus, like a bubble on the sea,  
Must be the actor's fame  
As short, as brief, as transitory,  
As a quick meteor-flame. E. P. G."

L. H. I. J. declined. We have no desire that E. P. G. should trouble himself to call upon us.

We are much obliged to E. B.; but cannot avail ourselves of his privately laudable offering.

The writer of an "Adieu to the World" by "the Voice of a Youth" had better seek out another "girl" less "proud" than she who seems to have given the worthy boy such cause of complaint. He will find "Live and let live" a good motto; better than dying, even in poetry.

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This widely patronized publication was commenced in 1832; from which period it has maintained a high rank in the class of cheap periodical literature. As a commercial undertaking it offers no speculation of doubt, the editor having, as yet, the whole of the juveniles of Great Britain as his scholars, in the unparalleled popularity of his catechisms of universal knowledge and series of school publications, the Guide to Knowledge is widely known, and has borne the trial of several years' experience. If the energies of an active mind were exclusively devoted to its extended utility and increased patronage, it is impossible to define the limits of that success which its past success indicates.

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For a Prospectus of the Lectures and Terms of Admission, application may be made to the Lecturers, or to Mr. Fincher, at the Royal Institution.

JOSEPH FINCHER,  
Assistant Secretary.

### GUY'S HOSPITAL.—The Autumnal Course of Lectures will commence on Thursday, October 1st.

Theory and Practice of Medicine—Dr. Bright and Dr. Addison. Materia Medica and Therapeutics—Dr. Addison. Anatomy and Physiology—Mr. Bransby Cooper and Mr. E. Cook.

Mr. T. Bell will give Lectures on the Teeth. Demonstrations by Mr. E. Cook and Mr. Hill. Principles and Practice of Surgery—Mr. Key and Mr. Morgan. Midwifery and Diseases of Women and Children—Dr. Ashwell. Comparative Anatomy and Physiology—Mr. T. Bell. Chemistry—Mr. A. Aikin, and Mr. A. Taylor. Experimental Philosophy—Mr. W. M. Hignett. Lectures and Demonstrations in Morbid Anatomy—Dr. Hodgkin.

Clinical Lectures and Instructions will be given on Medical, Surgical, Ophthalmic, and Obstetric Cases. Midwifery—Mr. C. Johnson. Medical Jurisprudence—Mr. A. Taylor. Pupils will be permitted to attend the Eye Infirmary and the Obstetric Charity, and will also have the use of the Museum, Library, Reading Room, and Botanic Garden, subject to Regulations.

For Particulars apply to Mr. Stocker, Apothecary to the Hospital.

The Physical Society is open to all the Pupils. The first Meeting will be held on Saturday, the 3d of October, at Eight o'clock.

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